IT STIMULATES

The Modern Man

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 80. [PUBLISHED EVERY MONDAY.] WEEK ENDING MAY 14TH, 1910. ONE PENNY.

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The Modern Man

I dare do all that may become a man. Who dares do more is none.—MACBETH.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 80. WEEK ENDING MAY 14TH, 1910. ONE PENNY.

WORMS FOR BAIT.

THE CHEAPEST FORM OF ANGLING.

While fly-fishers look down upon the man who ses a worm, bait-fishing is quite good sport. Moreover, the man who only gets an occasional ay's angling wants to catch something, and the orm is usually more certain than the fly.

Brandlings or ordinary lob-worms are those ost used. The former are to be found in fairly ew manure; most fish take them eagerly, but rout prefer the common or garden worm.

Lob-worms come out on the grass at night, especially after rain or heavy dew! You have to earch for them with a lantern or lighted candle, nd they take some catching. Don't try to catch hem by the head, but grab them by the tail, the ip of which is usually just inside the hole.

It is essential that your worms should be alive, resh, and clean when you go a fishing, and to this end they should be kept until wanted in a tub or box filled with moist earth. If any die throw them out.

Boys carry their bait in their pockets, or even in heir mouths, but the more fastidious man prefers a linen or flannel bag or a tin. The latter is the better method, for you can bore ventilation holes n the lid.

Whether bag or tin, it should be filled with noss, not earth. Indeed, the worms should be kept in moss for a day or two before fishing. The noss should be kept fairly moist, and I have found a little milk a good thing to use with of nstead of water.

In baiting, the point of the hook is inserted just below the head and again about an inch lower down, so that the point is covered. This allows he worm to wriggle, and the more he wriggles he better the chances of success.

The process may sound rather revolting and a rifle cruel, but the angler will never meet with success if he is squeamish, and let us hope there s some truth in the fisherman's oft-voiced belief hat worms and fish do not feel.

Worm-fishing is quite exciting, for it is often difficult to tell whether you have caught a fish or a snag. You find a nice pool just below a natural waterfall, and casting up-stream you let your bait drop quietly into the water just below the fall.

It is held in the swirl for a moment, then thrown out, and with just a little assistance from you it weeps nicely under the big rock that lies off the main stream. There it stops—anxious moment. You may merely be caught under the rock, but cautiously you raise the point of your rod, and there is a sudden rush and upheaval of the waters, a gleam of speckled brown, yellow, and white, and you are fast in a fine trout.

Against the stiff bait-rod he has small chance, and you can either "hoick" him out bodily or soon have him safe in the shallows. At other times, however, the big trout turns out to be a tin-kettle or an old boot.

S. WALDRON.

CHEEK.

Mr. George Bernard Shaw informs us that "in heaven an angel is nobody in particular." Surely, then, G. B. S. will never be happy there.

* * *

Lord Kitchener lately met with an enthusiastic reception in New York. It is strange that the Yankees should be so friendly to Kitchener after their recent gross deception at the hands of Cook.

* * *

The "Daily Mail's" personal column recently contained a tattooist's advertisement. But was it quite politic to advertise among the "agonies"?

* * *

Mr. T. McDonald Rendle says that a child can never be an encumbrance. Perhaps not—but many of them have a devilish good try.

* * *

Says Mr. Dion Clayton Calthrop: "The worst man loves somebody; the best man loves everybody." Let us hope that he doesn't love the bride, or there may be trouble ahead.

* * *

Thus Mr. Chance Newton: "Speaking of Miss Terson, I *do* wish she would abandon that cumbrous stage name." But why? Is it not a sufficiently terse 'un?

* * *

The chairman of a well-known London debating society is Mr. Bone. But it should be clearly understood that he is not a Bone of contention.

* * *

In a discursive article "Concerning Health," Mr. Arnold White says that "the people who 'have no time to be ill' are the salt of the earth." At any rate, they are much to be envied when crossing the Channel.

* * *

"Oxford versus Cambridge. Dark Blues' Dual Victory," ran a headline in a sporting paper recently. "Oh, how wicked!" exclaimed dear old Mrs. Footler, when she read it, "and I thought that duelling had been abolished years and years ago!"

* * *

"Advice," remarks Herr David Wollfsohn, "is easier to give than money." Quite so; but it is by no means so effective for buying popularity.

* * *

Tommy Burns says that he intends trying to make a fortune at commerce. No doubt he feels sure that he is capable of making a hit.

* * *

According to Mr. Hugh Leslie Dobree," the *nouveau riche* is a very average person—what she lacks in h's she makes up in £'s." Yes, and if you try to h—ave h—er age, she'll see you in L—first.

J. S. COX.

SPORT UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

EXERCISE FOR TOWNSMEN FOR NEXT TO NOTHING.

Men who live in towns, and especially men whose finances preclude them from participation in sport of an expensive character, are wont to assert gloomily that for them no outlet is afforded for their sporting inclinations.

But in more ways than one they may gratify their sporting tastes with no outlay whatever. In fact, one form of town sport will enable them to save money.

You live, let us assume, in a suburb five or six miles from your work. Why not give yourself an hour and a half, and walk to business instead of going by train or 'bus?

You can add interest to the practice by timing yourself both over the whole distance and over parts of the road. Thus you can gauge your improvement in speed every day.

Do not be disheartened if, after consistently keeping good "time" for a fortnight you should happen to take a long time one day. All sorts of considerations tend to vary such performances in town. Sometimes you may be able to spin along at your best rate, but the next day a crush in a crowded thoroughfare may force you to thread your way in and out—at a snail's pace.

While walking home at night after the day's work you should be able to put in consistently good time.

Some years ago I was working as a night sub-editor on a London paper; and as there were no trains available when the night's work was done at two o'clock, I walked every morning five miles and a half in 55 minutes. This speed was not far short of racing-pace.

Such exercise engenders a state of fitness which few other sports can give, and the walker may be allowed to take a certain amount of pride in his performances.

Specially at this season of the year an interesting way of spending Saturday afternoons offers itself to sportsmen living in towns near a big river. This exercise consists in running along the towing-path alongside practising boats' crews.

It is more fun to follow an actual race in this way if possible; but it is not often possible, for a crowd in most cases lines the river-bank.

Just now all the big rivers are alive with racing crews, practising assiduously on Saturday afternoons, so that the man who cares to get into running shorts and light shoes, without spikes, can count on good sport which will benefit his wind and general condition at the moderate outlay of—nil.

E. A. PENFOLD.

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

THE MAJESTY OF THE LAW

By R. D. CROMBIE.

The jury whispered among themselves for a few moments, and then, without leaving the box, returned a verdict of Guilty.

The judge, whose wig looked comically large above his little rosy-cheeked face, stayed the busy scratching of his quill pen and raised his eyes to the man in the dock.

To the right of the dock, seated in the gallery of the dim and stuffy court, there were a few well-dressed women. Faintly morbid curiosity, coupled with incomplete occupation, accounted for their presence, not any particular interest in the case down for trial.

Save one girl, towards the back, and almost wholly concealed from the prisoner by one of the square wooden pillars that, having their origin in the floor below, pierced the gallery and terminated at the ceiling. She sat there, upright and still—albeit, white, as though frosted by a bitter blast of misery.

The prisoner had not perceived her, although he had directed his gaze deliberately to all corners of the court, and even turned to inspect the people seated at the rear of the dock; but his look was one of detached, impersonal interest, and conveyed no impression but that of callous indifference.

Actually, a little while before he had been oppressed with the dread of showing the white feather; but when he entered the dock, to his surprised relief, he found himself singularly calm. Indeed, as he became the object of scrutiny, he was conscious of wonder that he should be ironically amused.

He recollected suddenly that precisely the same thought had dominated him at school when he had been hauled out before the head for some offence, and, pending the inevitable caning, had endeavoured to trace in the faces of the other boys some appreciation of their more fortunate position.

The prisoner's appearance was incongruous with his circumstances. He was young—perhaps five-and-twenty—and his face bore no sign of the ravage of vice. His clean features, and the manner in which the head was set upon the shoulders, were more suggestive of the field of sport than the vitiating surroundings of a criminal court.

He had been a bank clerk, and the indictment was fraud; uncommonly clever fraud, too, as the subsequent evidence made manifest.

To the initial formality "Guilty or not guilty?" he had pleaded "Guilty," with a deprecatory shrug in response to the protesting look of defending counsel.

Thereafter, he had resumed the detached air of an onlooker, only revealing a touch of impatience as the defence drew an eloquent picture of the painful nature of his position, emphasising his parents' social standing, his youth and upbringing, and pleading that he had been sufficiently punished by the loss of character, friends, and living.

The prisoner evinced no interest in the summing-up, nor anxiety when the jury conferred together.

Audible comments were made as to his demeanour.

"He seems hard and indifferent," observed one woman in the gallery.

"Poor boy, perhaps he's too stunned to understand," her companion made reply.

The girl who was within hearing darted an angry look at the last speaker. How dare she interpret his feelings! And how dare she pity him!

The judge began to speak, and she forgot them, leaning forward from behind the pillar and concentrating her eyes on the prisoner, who was now on his feet.

"You have been found guilty of a serious offence," said the judge; "one that, far from being mitigated by the circumstances of your education and home environment, is aggravated thereby, for it is the class that you represent towards which we look for an example to the less privileged members of the community.

"You have appropriated moneys to your own use in a manner as astute as it is despicable; you have abused the trust put in you, and beggared your opportunities. You must be taught that folly and indulgence are inexcusable, and frequently more lamentable in their consequences to those that are innocent than to the perpetrator."

The gentle, cultured voice stopped. In the brief pause that followed there was absolute silence. Everybody knew that he was devoting just a moment's thought to the length of sentence he would give. Everybody was subconsciously deciding what that sentence would be.

Everybody—save two; the girl in the gallery and the man in the dock.

Thought is extraordinarily rapid in moments of intense emotion. Into one flashing instant the experiences of a life may be compressed.

At the last observation of the judge, the girl in the gallery was inwardly crying—

"It's not fair! It's not fair! He doesn't deserve it! He hasn't done wrong! I've done it! I ought to be there in the dock beside him. I ought to be there alone!"

In spirit she was beating her hands on her breast.

"I've ruined him. If it hadn't been for me he wouldn't have done it. He stole the money for me. To keep me I made him spend, spend, *spend*. I never asked where the money came from. I wanted it—that was all. If he couldn't buy me at a higher price than another I should have let him go. He knew that—and he ruined himself for my selfishness. Mine is the crime. *I* ruined him. And oh, now that it is too late, I love him. . . ."

And, at the same time, by some queer prompting of a mind stone cold with ironic amusement, the prisoner was making an imaginary speech to the judge.

"My lord," he was mentally saying, "before you pass sentence upon me, I should like, with your permission, to give you an insight into what I really think about the matter.

"First of all, I must express my thanks to you, my lord, for the strictly fair manner in which this case has been conducted, and also thank the worthy gentlemen of the jury who are fulfilling the duties of citizenship so effectually, and, I hope, with zeal. They have done their best. You have done your best. I shall go to prison for some period—I assure you I am indifferent as to how long—and am glad."

His soul gave a faint smile as pictured the people in the court exchanging glances, acutely curious.

"But not glad," his lightning-like mind went on, "for reasons that you will imagine. Mine is not the primitive, fear-stricken spirit of repentance lusting for atonement. Not the punishment you can mete out. It clumsy, my lord, really.

"As to the effect of my crime upon firm I've robbed—" his soul smiled again "I am totally unmoved, and what it means to my family is, sadly enough, powerless to create more than a transient pity in me. Obviously it would be wrong to allow such hardened individual to peregrinate through the sanctified innocence of the present civilisation without being exposed. Which, lord, is where you come in. (*Hush, my soul! the judge is speaking.*)"

The brief pause was over. The gentle cultured voice had broken the silence with the question—

"Is there anything you wish to say before I pass sentence upon you?"

The prisoner shifted his feet, and placed his hands on the dock-rail, leaned over a little, his eyes enrapt. He did not immediately answer.

But his soul was continuing its speech.

"Yes, my lord, I want you to understand where I come in. I am to be imprisoned, I take it, for two reasons—as a punishment for crime and as a corrective against crime. The first I shall certainly get, the second I shall as assuredly not get.

"It is not necessarily impossible to punish the body and simultaneously improve the character, but no penal system, run on present lines, treating all alike, has done it yet. It would only be possible by choosing with perfect judgment a punishment suitable to each individual case. It would have to take into account hereditary weaknesses, motives, even state of health at the time of the first lapse. So obviously too big a bill altogether. Short penal servitude invariably degrades, I am told, be degraded, my lord.

"You are not to blame, the law is not to blame; the only person who is to blame is myself. I did not think of this while I was breaking the law. I faced the prospect of punishment, and was prepared to bear it with some resignation when it came. But I had entirely overlooked that I was committing character suicide as well as social suicide; that far worse than my crime against the law was my crime against myself.

"The fear of penal servitude acts, no doubt, as a deterrent to the criminally inclined in many cases, but if the mentally after-effects were better realised, it would do in all. No man will deliberately slay his personality; no man will let the sacred impulse of his self be annihilated if he was aware the danger threatening it in time.

"That is all, my lord. (*Hush, dying soul! Who's that speaking?*)"

"Answer his lordship's question," said the voice of the usher.

The question! What question? Ah, he remembered. Had he anything to say before sentence—

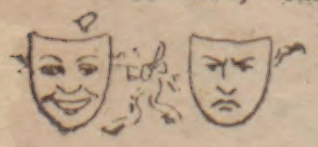
"No, my lord," he said, in a clear voice.

"You will go to penal servitude for five years," said the judge.

There was a rustling in court, the relief of relief.

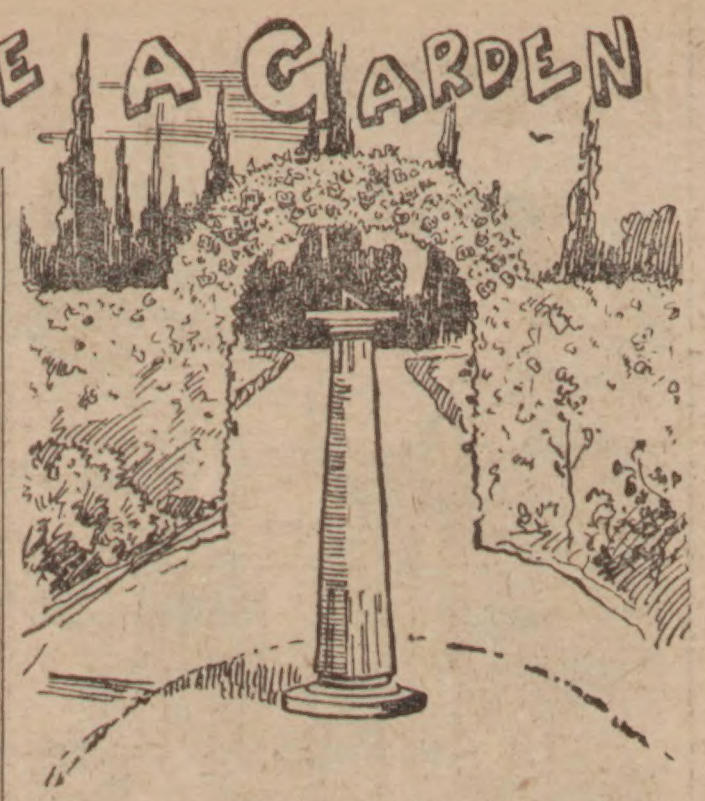
The prisoner slowly turned his head. Something drew his eyes up towards the gallery, and they encountered those of the girl leaning forward from behind a pillar. For a long instant their glances clung.

Then he went below.



How To Make A Garden Beautiful

SOME SUGGESTIONS AND HINTS FOR THE AMATEUR.



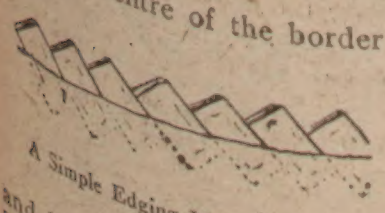
How many men are there who are possessed of a few square yards of ground at the back of their house which they allow to be an eyesore not only to themselves, but to their neighbours, because they say that it is so small that it is not worth while making a garden of it?

One cannot expect to cultivate flowers with the same success in a town, or even in a suburb, as one can in the country, but it is possible to achieve beauty of some kind by adapting oneself to the circumstances and by the exercise of a little taste.

Here is an idea, for instance, that I have seen carried out with great effect in a town garden some twenty feet long, which might otherwise have been a mere backyard. A good grass-plot would have been out of the question, and gravel is unsightly and uninteresting, as well as difficult to obtain and to keep in order.

In this case, therefore, the yard had been bricked over, except for a narrow border round the edge close to the brick walls which surrounded the three sides. At each side of the latticed door in the end wall were two lilac bushes, one purple and the other white. Trained against the walls were such climbers as pirus japonica, with its vivid green leaves and scarlet flowers, clematis, jasmine, and ampelopsis. Even a hardy magnolia or a wistaria may do well in such a garden, and no more handsome covering for the walls could be wished for.

In the centre of the border were perennials, such as the Japanese anemone, the evening primrose, monk's-hood, bergamot, small sunflowers, and larkspurs, with here and there a lily, and later in the year Michaelmas daisies in great variety.

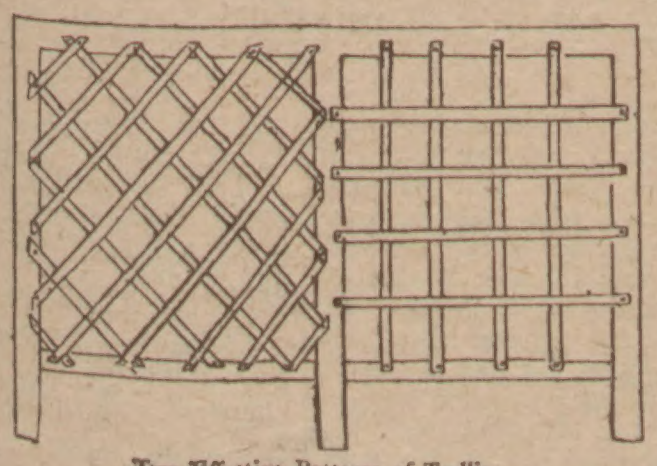


A Simple Edging Made of Bricks.

In front of the bed in the earlier part of the year was a fine display of bulbous flowers, such as daffodils, narcissus, jonquils, tulips, and of violets, lilies of the valley, and so on.

Here was a beautiful garden made out of a mere backyard, whose only asset in the first instance was a little sunlight. If the owner had attempted to cultivate the whole garden, or had tried to make a "lawn" and cut beds in it, it would have been a miserable failure. By realising the limitations of his little plot, and paving it with the warm-coloured red brick which made it look like a picture by an old Dutch master, he produced a garden which was not only beautiful, but unique among all those in the neighbourhood.

The reason for the untidy appearance of so many suburban gardens is that the borders are not sufficiently well defined. Too often the amateur when laying out or remodelling his garden, puts down turf "verges" or narrow strips of grass along the edges of the beds. But it is very seldom that the grass remains green for long, and as it is gradually being encroached upon every time the bed is dug and is trodden into the path on the other side, it soon assumes a very nondescript appearance.



Two Effective Patterns of Trellis.

A far better plan, if you do not want to go to the expense of the special edging tiles which are sold for the purpose, is to set a number of bricks diagonally as shown in the illustration, and to bury the lower half of them. This is a cheap and effective edging which needs no care. The box-edging looks well if it is kept in order, but it needs thinning out and clipping every year.

While we are on the subject of what may be called the furniture of the garden—apart from what is to be grown in it—a word or two on the subject of trellis may be useful.

A piece of trellis-work may often be needed to hide an unsightly backyard or rubbish heap in the corner of the garden, or it may be necessary to add to the height of a wall or paling, and a piece of trellis, covered with creepers or climbing roses, is a cheaper and a prettier way of achieving this than any other.

The commonest form of trellis is that composed of slats of wood nailed diagonally across a framework, as shown on the left of the accompanying illustration. But a less hackneyed, simpler, and more artistic pattern is that shown on the right of the sketch, the slats being nailed vertically and horizontally across each other so as to form squares.

No man who can use a hammer and nails—and if he cannot, he should learn to do so—should buy his trellis ready-made. He will lose half the pleasure of the contemplation of it, and cheap as it is, it will be more expensive as well as less suitable for its position than if he made it himself.

Get a few short battens and a bundle of laths from the builder or the timber merchant, and measure the available space carefully, so that you may divide it up exactly and ascertain the position of the uprights and the size of the squares.

Then make your trellis if possible flat on the ground. This plan is much easier than to set up the framework and nail the slats on.

Leave the bottoms of the uprights cut square, and do not point them. They will stand much firmer in this way, if the earth be rammed well down around them.

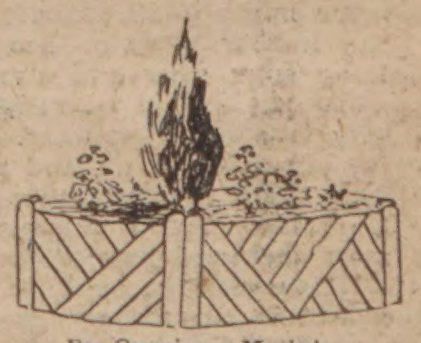
Before setting up the trellis it must be protected from the weather by two coats of green paint, or better still, by being creosoted, or treated with one of the various patent preparations which leave an artistic and weatherproof brown finish to the wood.

A wide expanse of bare wall may often be made to look much more presentable by nailing a piece of trellis of this sort against it. In this case, of course, no framework is needed, and the uprights may be nailed direct to the wall and the cross-pieces fixed to them.

As regards the question of what to grow on the trellis, there is nothing to beat white or purple clematis or climbing roses. "Red Ramblers" and "Dorothy Perkins" will be among the most effective and the cheapest, or the "Lady Gay" has pink blossoms similar to the last-named, but grows more luxuriantly. For the lover of the yellow-tinted rose there is the "W. Alan Richardson."

Many a small garden has somewhere in it a "manhole" for the inspection of the drains, and the ugly iron top of this is often a great eyesore. It is almost always level with the ground, however, and can easily be hidden to advantage by a box filled with flowers, or even small shrubs.

Our illustration shows a useful and easily constructed design for such a box. The soil is placed in a packing-case or roughly constructed box with holes bored in the bottom, and the sides are covered with billets of pine or larch, split down the middle, which may or may not still have the bark left on, according to taste, or the sides may be covered with virgin cork.



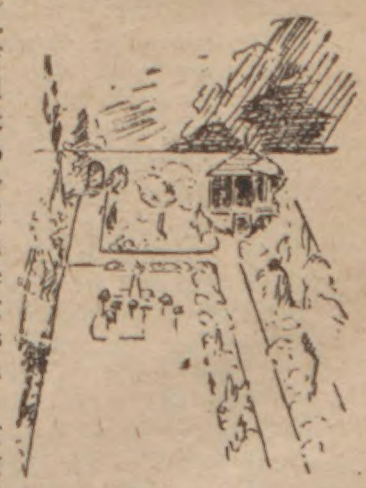
For Covering a Manhole.

The main thing to look to when planning out a garden is to break it up as much as possible. If it is irregular in shape, let the paths and beds be irregular, too. They should not simply conform to the outer edge of the garden.

If the plot is rectangular, it will be advisable to keep to straight lines as much as possible, but keep clear of the common plan of a lawn surrounded by a gravel path, with a bed of even width all round the edge.

For an oblong garden, something on the lines of the sketch here given may prove suitable. The straight lines are retained, without the exaggerated symmetry that is so often observed. Symmetry is an admirable thing in a single part of a garden—for instance, in a small formal garden surrounding a sundial—but the *whole* garden should never be absolutely symmetrical. The summer-house, for instance, looks better at the side than it would if planted exactly in the middle at the end.

A sundial, by the way, provides an excellent means of breaking up a small lawn, which is not sufficiently large to be available for any game, and it will add beauty to a garden at all periods of the year without requiring any attention. Its base, if it stands on a tall plinth, may be adorned by planting dwarf or climbing roses round it and pegging them down.



A Suggestion for a Rectangular Garden.

C. B. STAINER.

CYCLE SADDLES.

TIPS THAT ENSURE THE RIDER'S COMFORT.

From time to time one sees, on otherwise smart bicycles, saddles which are fit only for the scrap heap.

In some cases it is the article itself which is defective. In others it is sheer carelessness on the part of the rider. Some people would sit a saddle till it gave way beneath them—all the time wondering why they are uncomfortable, and the maker is blamed for what is not his fault. If you would realise vividly how important a saddle is to the cyclist, try riding without one! It is a severe, but convincing lesson. And a bad saddle is no better than none at all.

A very common ailment with saddles is the stretching of the leather. The best saddle ever fitted to a machine will become so affected in time, and, if not attended to, will cause the rider to sit directly on the frame or springs.

Most saddles on the market are provided with the means for remedying this natural "give" in the leather.

I sometimes wonder how many people have ever looked underneath the saddle, where one finds, or should find, the springs. Immediately under the peak, or nose, of the seat there is a nut running on a pin or screw, and called by the trade the tension pin. The name indicates its purpose. This is to tighten the leather when it has become slack and loose from wear and strain.

To put this in operation all that is necessary is a small spanner. Run the nut down the pin a few turns, and the difference it will make both in appearance and comfort is remarkable. Yet I suppose this is about the most neglected part of the average bicycle.

These remarks apply to that class of saddle known in the trade as 3-coil, that is, having three upright spiral coils attached to a bottom frame. But they also apply to the road-racer pattern, which, instead of spiral coils, has a 4-wire frame.

Four-wire saddles are at present the most numerous on account of their cheapness.

Another pattern is the bow coil, or laminated loop, that is a seat having two spiral upright coils at the back, and a loop, or bow coil, at right angles in the front. These also are provided with proper tightening parts.

The correct method of using them is to take a long screwdriver, pass it from the back of the saddle beneath the seat into the slot of the pin, which will be found right in front of the tool.

A few patterns have the tension pin put in the other way, and in this case you simply operate from the nose. These pins are generally provided with heads to take a spanner, which can be used instead of the screwdriver.

Half a dozen turns will generally suffice to cure the worst case of stretched leather.

One more point. Be sure that your seat is at the most comfortable angle.

Some riders prefer a horizontal saddle, but the majority have a preference for a slight upward tendency. Very few riders like a saddle that dips down and forward.

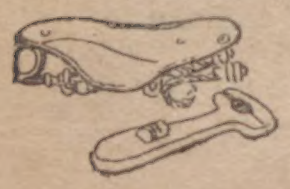
The best angle from most points of view is a slight upward tilt. This seems to settle the rider on the body of the saddle.

More attention has been given to this subject of late, and there is now on the market a special appliance for the purpose. It will tighten up the leather of a saddle directly without the aid of any other tools.

Squeaking in saddle springs can generally be cured by the application of a few spots of oil at the junction of the coils, and at the parts that are in movable contact.

Whenever I encounter one of these forlorn-looking saddles I experience an intense desire to take a spanner and forthwith remedy the defects.

W. J. FITCHETT.



Then gently scan your brother man,
Still gentler sister woman;
Though they may gang a kennin wrang,
To step aside is human. —BURNS.

Recently I came across the following statement in a book by a French writer, and it set me thinking.

"A virgin woman," he said, "may be found at any age, but you might search all France to find a virgin man over the age of twenty-two."

His statement may be correct with regard to France, and possibly with regard to the Continent as a whole, but in the name of my fellow-countrymen I protest that it cannot be applied to Britain.

There are, I know, men who hold the view that purity is a virtue in women only and a sign of weakness in men. The sentiment has been condensed by one writer who has said that "purity is the feminine, and truth is the masculine of honour."

WHAT WOMEN DETECT.

He and those who follow his doctrine are, as a rule, men of a type that other men would describe as fairly decent chaps, for they believe in truth and straightforwardness in their dealings, and that is usually the test that one man applies to another in summing-up his character. It is to women, and often to women only, that the lack of purity in these men is discernible.

It is common for a man when discussing another man with a woman who knows him to say: "Prendergast is a very decent chap and very popular," and for the woman to reply: "I don't like him very much." The friend of Prendergast is naturally astonished, and wonders why the latter has failed to win the approval of the fair critic. The reason is Prendergast's lack of purity, which is discernible only by women.

THE INNER CONSCIENCE.

The man to whom purity is but a name may be, and often is, extremely popular with his fellow-men, provided he keeps his indiscretions to himself. The man who talks of conquests and so forth is regarded as an unutterable bore by all other men, for vice is a thing which a third party cannot take interest in. But the man who holds his tongue about his dealings with women may be, as I have said, thoroughly appreciated by other men.

So far, therefore, as his standing with his fellows is concerned, his lack of purity does not affect him; but it does affect him, and that to an immeasurable degree, personally.

Others may think well of him, but what in his heart of hearts does he think of himself?

It is then that he reviles his body and his Maker. His feelings have been crystallised by a writer who says:

MEN AND PURITY

"Why hast thou made me so
My Maker? I would know.
Wherefore thou gave'st me such a mournful dower:
Toil that is often vain,
Knowledge that deepens pain,
And longing to be pure without the power."

The feelings voiced here are common. most people who do wrong. They want blame someone else, and, there being no human being upon whom they may lay burden, they endeavour to debit it to the count of the Almighty. It is unnecessary prove that the fault is theirs, and theirs for they themselves know that such is the

RESTRAINT.

The man who lives in impurity never knows the joy of life. Everything has to be paid for, and the price that one pays for the highest earthly happiness is the effort of restraint.

Some men—many men, I hope—realise the truth of this even in their youth, and all do so in their later years. Truth it is, sad it is that the way to its discovery should be capable of giving such misery.

A little illustration is often worth a lot of philosophy. Here is an illustration from my own experience.

A friend and I paid an evening visit to a household in our neighbourhood. There are two daughters, and both are girls who enjoy the company of young men. My friend and I are both young. When we left the house these two girls insisted on walking with us part of the way home.

SAYING GOOD-BYE.

Excuse my candour, but it is necessary that I should make my point clear. Before we had gone very far, the girl who was with me had her arm round my waist, while I had the other hand in my left hand and my right arm across her shoulder, or round her neck, whichever you like to call it. In front of us, quite a yard apart from one another, were my friend and the other girl.

I wondered what his girl would be thinking of him, for I had walked with her down this same road in precisely the same manner as I was now walking with her sister.

When we reached the end of the road we stopped to say good-bye. Again forgive me for being candid. I kissed both the girls most heartily, and, when I had finished, my friend shook hands with them in the most sedate manner.

SAUCE FOR THE GANDER.

"I'm afraid," I said to him, as we walked on our way, "I have disgusted you rather."

"No," he said, "but I couldn't do that sort of thing myself. Would you like to marry a girl that you knew had allowed herself to be kissed by any young man she came across?"

"Of course not," I said.

"I think," he said, "that a girl has the right to demand the same restraint in a man. What's sauce for the goose, you know."

That happened some little time ago. He is about to be married, and his married life gives every promise of being an immensely happy one. I am still waiting, as they say, for Miss Wright to turn up.

Possibly, for all I know, my friend may by that time have already met the girl he is going to marry, and it may have been her influence that kept him in such rigid purity. As somebody puts it, a man may, like a stained web that whitens in the sun, become pure by being purely shone upon."

Certain it is that the lesson he taught me quietly has been laid to heart, and I am a better man because of it, and happier. That is why I am passing on the news.

C. WOLFE

LETTERS TO A YOUNG OFFICER.

I.—ON JOINING.

My dear Harry,—I was delighted to see you gazetted to the 250th King's Own Kidderminsters this morning. Please accept my heartiest congratulations and best wishes for a Field-Marshal's baton. As you are a fatherless lad, I trust you will not dub me an interfering old fogey if I venture to give you some hints on your future career. They may be of some small service to you, as coming from one who served his Queen and country for three-and-thirty years, and who would willingly have served another three-and-thirty had not an absurd regulation, introduced by some infernal Whig, compelled him to retire in the prime of life on account of age.

I regret that in all my service I never met the Kidderminsters, but I have been making inquiries, and hear that they are an excellent lot.

Here let me give you hint the first. Mangosteen—who, by the way, is getting very old and shaky—tells me that, unlike the 10th, the 250th *do* dance, and pride themselves on dancing well. Therefore, if your sisters have not already completed your education in that respect, do not fail to devote some of your leisure to becoming *au fait* with the mysteries of the waltz, and that modern abomination, the "Two Step." As a dancing man, you will be welcome anywhere, and if you have the sense to dance with the right people, you will find it a useful accomplishment in your career. I should not like to say that Contour, who is now Chief of the Intelligence Department, owes his position solely to the assiduity he displayed in dancing with Mrs. General Bangs, who weighed fifteen stone if she weighed an ounce, but, as Mrs. General Bangs was the Secretary of State for War's niece, you may draw your own conclusions.

No doubt you will have had your cards printed, and soon be busily engaged in leaving them on the good friends who have known you since your pink-sash-and-jammy-mouth days. As you are in the habit of seeing these friends at least once a day, the cards are, perhaps, a trifle unnecessary, but your friends will be more inclined to cry than to laugh over this outward and visible sign that your boyhood's days are over.

I hope you will not adopt the "Henry Jenkyns" style of card. I know that it is the fashion to omit the Mr., but it always seems to me that such a mode of description is incomplete without the words "Pork Butcher" or "Fancy and Linen Goods" underneath. Therefore, have your cards printed "Mr. Henry Jenkyns," with "King's Own Kidderminsters" below. You have not a Club at present—I must put you down for the Rag—but don't add your private address. You are going abroad, and it can be of no interest to the Nova Scotians to learn that when in England you reside at Thorncroft, Peddlecumb, Wilts.

I find I have only a few minutes to catch the post, but one thing more. Have you settled on your tailor yet? No doubt you are overwhelmed with letters beseeching your custom, but if none represents himself as the regimental tailor, write at once to the Adjutant of your depôt—there is no time to write abroad—and inquire whether you should go to any particular firm.

You may be in some doubt how to address a total stranger like the Adjutant. As I see he is a senior captain, and nearly old enough to be your father, you would show a becoming respect by writing in the third person; but you would be quite justified in saying "Dear Overall," for you are now *brother officers*.

Your affectionate uncle,

J—— H——.

LETTERS from LEAGUE MEMBERS

It gives me great pleasure to print extracts from some of the letters that I have received from members of The Modern Man League, and I invite my friends and readers to write to me when they have similar incidents to tell me about.—YOUR EDITOR.

J. B. (St. Albans) writes: "I have just returned from Brighton, where I have been looking at some horses with a view to our Whitsuntide camp, which is to be held in the vicinity of that town. I found a good mount after trying several, and when I had fixed up with her owner regarding terms, I took a walk along the front.

"I did not expect to see anyone I knew, so I was not taking much stock of the people I met; but as I passed a seat near the Aquarium I noticed something familiar shining in the tie of a young chap about my own age, who happened to be sitting there.

"I looked closer, and found it to be the badge of the good old League.

FINDING A FRIEND.

"Of course, being in uniform, I could not wear my own badge, although I always wear it with civilian clothes. I spoke to him at once, and explained why I had not on my own badge.

"It appeared that he was a bank clerk, and that he had come out for a breath of ozone after lunch. We didn't have very much time together before he had to go back to work, but we arranged to meet in the evening, and we had a very pleasant time together. It makes all the difference when you know somebody in a town. You lose all that nasty feeling of being a stranger."

T. L. (Manchester) writes: "I met two members of the League during the Easter holidays. I was just watching the finish of the local harriers' ten miles championship, when I saw a cycle club approaching, and I noticed that the leader wore a League badge, so I went and introduced myself and shook hands with him."

ANTICIPATED.

R. J. A. C. (Ilford) writes: "Last Sunday week I had a day off, and I went to see an old chum of mine with the intention of getting him to join the League, but as soon as he saw me he sprang up and grasped my hand, and then I knew what was the matter.

"I had my tie-pin on and he had seen it, and it turned out that he had become a member before I had.

"So I am pleased to say that, besides being chums, we have the additional bond of being members of the same great club. I am after some more now, and hope I shall get all like him to join."

T. C. (Salford) writes: "I thought I should like to explain how I came to join, and what zealous readers and members you have. They are real sports.

"I had just comfortably seated myself in the train this evening and started to read an article in THE MODERN MAN when I felt a tap on my knee, and heard a cheery voice inquiring whether I was a member of the League.

"I looked up and saw that the owner of the voice was wearing in his coat the badge with which I was familiar from the illustration. I also noticed that he had a copy of the paper.

"I informed him that I was not a member yet, but had thoughts of joining ever since its inception, but had procrastinated. He told me it was a fine thing, and made me promise to join that evening.

"Just then the train, I am sorry to say, drew up at his station, and with a hearty good grip of the hand he bade me good-night before I had really got to know him, but I am looking forward to seeing him again in the train."

KEEN ON EVERYTHING.

R. V. L. (Worcester) writes: "When are you coming down to our faithful city to give us a round up? Come and stay the week-end with me, will you? I am in digs, but very comfortable, and I am sure I could give you a good time. Splendid scenery round about and good boating, if you prefer this to a country ramble.

I have come across a few of the members of our League, and jolly good chaps they are, keen on everything, and I can assure you we take full advantage of our week-ends—in the way of rambles chiefly. We have had a little fishing, but it is rather too cold yet."

C. B. (West Hartlepool) writes: "I had a very pleasing experience in connection with the League. The scene was the Bishop Auckland Football Ground, and the game was the final tie for the Durham Senior Cup, between Hartlepools United and South Shields Adelaide. Hartlepools triumphed by three goals to two.

"I met a member of the League from South Shields, and recognition was instantaneous. We both stood side by side cheering our respective fancies, but also applauding smart play on the part of our opponents."

ON THE RIVER.

H. H. (Kensington) writes: "The advantage of being a member of THE MODERN MAN League was brought home to me very clearly about a month ago.

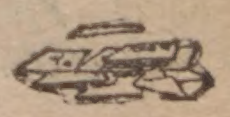
"I had for a long time been desirous of taking up athletics, and my fancy was rowing. I knew nothing about watermanship, however, and I was very much afraid of making an ass of myself. I was determined, nevertheless, to go for it, for everyone must make a start some time, and so I joined a rowing club.

"I did not know any of the members before joining, and I felt rather nervous as I approached the boat-house for the first time, for I felt certain they would laugh at me, inwardly if not outwardly.

"I was wearing my League badge as usual, and you may imagine my delight when I found that several of the members were also wearing League badges.

"We were introduced in the very best way possible, and they have been extremely kind to me, taking the utmost interest in teaching me and making me feel very welcome.

"I may mention that several of them have their badges in the form of safety-pins, and wear them for luck even when they are on the river in rowing togs."



A MAN'S CHANCES IN THE COLONIES.

SOME DEFINITE FACTS.

"I am tired of trying to get on in this old country; there is no room for me here; I must try my luck over the seas"—that is what hundreds of young men are saying every day, and unfortunately there is too much justification for their view.

The young man of sense, however, is not so foolish as to believe that the Colonies are a sort of Paradise that welcomes the cast-offs of the Mother-country, and makes everything smooth for him.

But a new country does need new blood and does offer great openings for real enterprise and effort, and it may be of use to some readers and of interest to many to consider the prospects and qualifications of the emigrant.

WHY THEY HAVE FAILED.

Many thousands of men, probably, have gone out to our greater Colonies full of hope and vigour, as though to some Eldorado that was to make their fortunes in a few weeks, and have met with failure after failure, and finally gone under, or at least fared worse than they ever did in the Motherland.

Perhaps you have known one of these cases, and perhaps you have thought that it was so with all who emigrated. But with the majority it is very different, and if it were not so, there would not be a Government office of which the sole work is to furnish full information to those who contemplate starting a new life in the Colonies.

The reason for failure in most cases is lack of adaptability. A man must adapt himself to local traditions and local customs. He must be content to learn at first, and remember that the country which he has made his home has existed for a century or two before he came into it. For an Englishman to try to impress on a Canadian employer how much better things are done in England, not only serves no useful purpose, but is apt to lose him his job.

NOTHING TO FEAR.

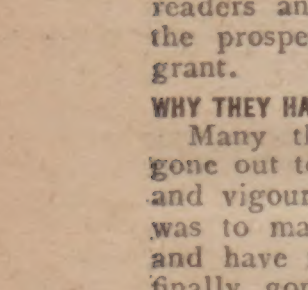
Often the failure has been due to the idea that one will not have to work so hard in the Colonies. On the contrary, hard work, and often for longer hours, are necessary, and though the wages may seem larger, they are counterbalanced by the fact that the necessities and, above all, the luxuries of life are more expensive. Especially is this so in the case of clothing, so that the emigrant will do well to take as extensive a wardrobe as possible.

But hard work need terrify no man when it is congenial work and in an ideal climate, and, moreover, when that work may lead to something, and there is an opening for individual enterprise.

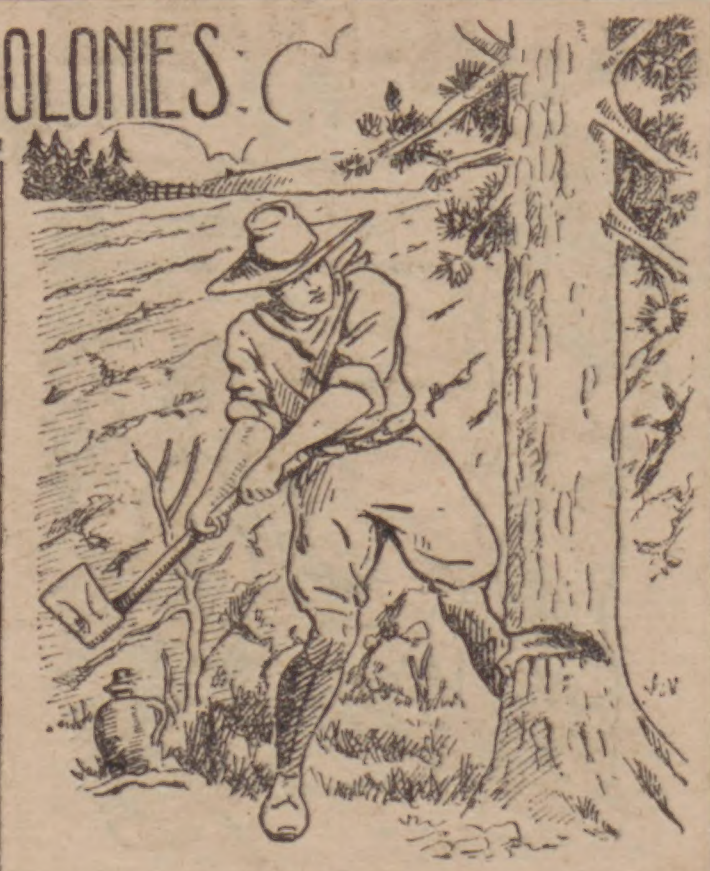
The chief demand in all the Colonies is for farmers with capital, but that capital need not be large when land is offered at a few shillings, or even pence, an acre, and a man can build his own house with logs that he has felled with his own hands. But the settler must be prepared to undertake the hard manual labour that is involved, and it is only for the man with health and vigour at his command that there is any opening.

HANDY MEN WANTED.

A man who is not prepared for manual labour, at least to start with, should not emigrate unless he has actually a post offered to him, or has sufficient means to keep himself for a few months in the event of his not finding employment. The demand for clerks, shopmen, storekeepers, and so on is by no means large.



Trades are not so specialised in the Colonies as they are at home, and a man, especially



if he be a skilled artisan, may have to turn his hand to branches of his trade that are comparatively strange to him. And as outdoor trades, such as the building trade, are very slack and almost at a stand-still during the hard Canadian winter, one may have to turn to some other work for a time. Many men go to the lumber camps in the forests during the winter season, and a more healthy life could not be imagined.

As to the Colony you are to choose, much must depend on personal preference and on fares and similar circumstances, and for this purpose one must compare the detailed particulars which are to be obtained at any public library, or from the offices of the various Governments in London.

LANDS OF OPPORTUNITY.

South Africa, except perhaps Rhodesia, has little to offer. There are, however, a certain number of openings, including some good Civil Service posts further north in Nigeria.

Canada and Western Australia probably offer the best prospects, but the man who goes to the latter is practically exiling himself for good.

However, that is the true spirit of the emigrant, and he must be content to make the new country, wherever it is, his own and that of his descendants.

In the old days the emigrant could often get a chance of working his way out on a ship, but nowadays this is rarely possible, at least to the less distant Colonies. The third-class and steerage fares to Canada vary from £5 10s. to £5 15s.

Every emigrant of 18 years of age or over must have in his possession at the time of landing 25 dollars (£5 4s.) in cash and a ticket to his destination, unless he can prove that he is going to definite employment or to relatives or friends.

WHEN BUYING LAND.

The paying of a premium to be taught farming in Canada is an unnecessary and often ruinous step, and it is advisable to have no dealings with any but authorised Government agents.

Above all, do not buy land before arriving in Canada and *seeing* it, as so many are led to do by prices which appear ridiculously low. You are liable to get landed like Martin Chuzzlewit and Mark Tapley on a swamp.

But for the man who is young and vigorous, who has energy and is not afraid of work, there is a future in the lands across the seas, and he will be doing man's work in the open air, helping to build up the Empire of which he will still remain a subject.

ALAN HAMER.

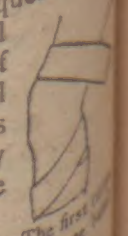
FIRST AID.

I.—HOW TO APPLY BANDAGES.

I remember once being on the scene of a street accident. It was a case of a broken leg, and the sufferer was an irascible little man who bore his pain pluckily enough, but merely lost his temper with everyone, including the inevitable policeman and the crowd of bystanders, as well as the driver of the van that had knocked him down.

And one of his first remarks, when he realised what was wrong, was "For heaven's sake don't let any of these first-aiders get near me."

There was much wisdom in his request. Some people imagine that a superficial knowledge of the first principles of attending to wounds and the casual damage to which our bodies are always liable, entitles them to deal with any accident of which they can get at the victim.



The first aid for a knee injury.

There are occasions when to omit to call in the doctor or to attempt to deal otherwise than temporarily with a case before his arrival may mean irreparable damage or lifelong deformity.

The setting of a limb or even a dislocated joint is not a job which should be attempted by anyone but a qualified medical man, unless, of course, the services of such are unprocurable.

What the first-aider has to learn, however, is to ease the pain of the sufferer as much as possible and to prevent further damage. Although everyone should know what to do in case a doctor is not available, he should only put it into practice as a last resort.

But it is not only with the more serious accidents that I propose to deal in these columns. There are a hundred and one minor details that every at least one member of every household ought to be conversant with, and to know exactly how to administer the necessary stitch in time may save the proverbial nine—or, in other words, a visit from the doctor.

To know how to apply a bandage to any part of the body so that it will keep in place and not cause injury instead of benefit is one of the first things to learn, and this week I give illustrations showing the method of applying bandages to the knee and to the ankle, foot, and leg.

The bandage must be rolled tightly before applying it, as a puttee is, and the first principle to remember is that the bandaging must begin at the most distant part from the place of the injury and must be gradually brought towards it.

Also a bandage must be put on so that a gentle and *even* pressure is felt over the whole extent of it. It must not be tied too tightly or begun too tightly, or left slack in the middle.

In bandaging a knee, the strapping should be started round the calf below the widest part, as shown in the illustration, and carried once round and above the knee. Then it will be brought down alternately over and below the knee until the whole is covered.

A foot and ankle bandage, showing the method of "reversing."

The knee is shown bent in the illustration for the sake of clearness, but in most cases the leg should be straightened and bandaged sufficiently tightly to keep it so.

If the knee is cut or the skin broken a pad of antiseptic or boracic lint should be put on first, but the dressing of wounds will be dealt with later.

A foot or ankle is bandaged as shown in the second sketch, and the strapping may be carried up the leg as far as required.

Start at the instep and take the bandage once or twice round the foot, and then round the ankle and again round the foot, and continue winding up the leg, "reversing" the bandage at each turn as shown by the top fold. This makes it fit closely to the leg and enables an even pressure to be applied, instead of making the top of the bandage cut into the leg while the lower edge is loose.

A safety-pin provides the best method of fixing all bandages.

L. D. CORYTON.

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

TROOPER KERNAHAN AFLOAT

BY JOHN HILARY GARRATT.

There were four of them in the motor-boat, which belonging as it did to Carteret *père*, was, of course, used exclusively by Carteret *fils*—a Trooper in the King's Own Royal Regiment Blankshire Yeomanry.

"It is no part of a Yeoman's education to fiddle about with motor-boat fittings, Alexander," said Carteret lightly.

Kernahan's recruit from the Strand was interesting himself rather largely in mysterious taps which Carteret flattered himself he alone could adequately control.

"But I think a Yeoman can't learn too much about driving things—horse-drawn, motor-propelled, or electric-batteried," said Trooper Kernahan.

"Good lord," said Trooper Stephen, "Kernahan *is* awake then!"

Kernahan, his head bare, was stretched out at full length among the cushions aft, his hands idly grasping the sides of the boat.

"I wonder," said Trooper Alexander, "that you don't come here and improve your mind——"

"Damn!" said Carteret suddenly. "Buck up, Alexander. You've got the longest, not to say the beefiest, arm."

Alexander—in an ancient tweed Norfolk—was becoming an expert at the weary game. It was an old complaint that afflicts all motor-boats that move on the pleasant reed-reflecting waters of the river Brer. The propellers become periodically wrapped around with water-weed when running against tide. A long arm is required, and a certain amount of patience.

Carteret stopped the faintly-turning propeller; and a few seconds later the bared arm of Trooper Alexander came out dripping from the pellucid water, his hand grasping much green weed, which he cast far beyond the stern with mild maledictions.

"Go on," said Trooper Kernahan, dreamily. "This is entirely *your* show. Don't talk to me about sergeant-majors or horses or tramps. . . . I can see I was made to navigate my way through life in a motor-boat——"

"Or be navigated," said someone sarcastically.

"Never learned the passive of 'to' anything, so don't be harsh. *I* don't bear any malice, Carteret; I think I like your tobacco the best—so fill my pipe. . . . Unless you'd like to roll me one of your artistic home-made cigarettes, Alexander——"

"I'll see you in—in the foot-sloggers first!" said Alexander, with much emphasis. His arm was still buried, over a foot deep, in the river Brer, that flows by reedy Grundall.

The early summer sun was sloping west, and the red-flecked clouds threw their exquisite reflection upon the surface of the waters. . . . Some pretty girls smiled at them from a white yacht as they passed by in the water-way. The young men on board the yacht bowled unreservedly.

The fact that they were tacking against wind and tide did not improve their tempers.

"Good gad!" said Trooper Stephen, suddenly, "hanged if it isn't Verschoyle and Stanton, of the dear old 'Gadflies'! Wake up, Kernahan."

The scowls had merged into broad grins of welcome on the faces of the yachtsmen.

"Hullo, Squadron 'B'!" came the joyous hail over the dancing waters.

"Hullo!" yelled Kernahan, waking up. "Chuck 'em a rope. We'll tow 'em. Let go the bally painter there, Stephen, you swab! Have to talk nautically to the excellent oberto, you see, Verschoyle.) That's beautiful!"

The drooping, windless sail was let down aboard the yacht.

"Mind her paint!" Momentarily there was a danger of light collision and faint screams.

Verschoyle and Stanton—non-commissioned officers of the Midshire Yeomanry, otherwise known as the "Gadflies," by reason of their unlovely uniform—seized the opportunity, and, ere the motor-boat sheered off into mid-stream, they jumped on board, almost annihilating Trooper Kernahan, who was indolent for once in his life—at ease among the cushions.

"Well, I *am* pleased to see you chaps," said Trooper Kernahan, heartily.

The tow-rope, paid out to its utmost length, was already taut. Carteret, at the engines, did wondrous things with obscure taps and mysterious levers. He was anxious for a moment; but his sigh was a sigh of relief.

"*Can* do it!" said he. "Verschoyle—Stanton—this is Alexander, the Tenth Legion's latest luminary. . . . We're *all* delighted to see you!"

"Don't!" said Verschoyle, caressing some fluffy down on his upper lip, that he hoped later to call by the name of moustache. "It reminds us of the occasion upon which we met officially. 'Delighted to see you! We're *all* delighted to see you,' said that—that lazy beggar aft."

Kernahan's eyelids did not even blink.

"He's asleep," said Trooper Stephen, contemptuously. "There lies the ghost of Trooper Kernahan. . . . I tell you, it's rank heresy he's been talking all the afternoon.

"Tell me not in Christmas numbers,
Ghosts are but an empty dream,"

Kernahan quoted slowly.

"Pay no attention to him," said Alexander.

"You wouldn't think," said Trooper Stephen, "that that is the man who captured the 'Cleopatra,' would you, Verschoyle?"

"Let him rest," said Stanton, generously. He had settled himself in the stern facing Carteret, who controlled the engines, and next to Alexander and Stephen, who jointly looked after the rudder and propeller. The craft was making fair and free for Brermouth with a steady, throbbing, workmanlike "plug."

Behind them, the yacht, a thing of grace (and the home of feminine disappointment at that moment), cut the water, shaking her nose clear of the spray and dipping again.

"You've met Kernahan and these chaps before," said Trooper Alexander, interrogatively.

"Yes. Haven't you ever told him?" asked Stanton, gleefully. "Oh, yes, we—that is to say the 'Gadflies' generally—*have* met old Kernahan before. Haven't we, K.?"

There was no answer from the cushions.

"Disgraceful," said Carteret, this being the first occasion upon which he had ever been known to be of very material use to his fellows.

"Any gentleman mentioning the Yeomanry to me after this moment will be firmly reproached," said Trooper Kernahan, suddenly.

"You're an ass," said Trooper Alexander, without the slightest qualification. "Go on about the time you met Kernahan before, Verschoyle."

Verschoyle thought—very deeply. "When was it?" he asked Stanton, artlessly. "My interest in life seems to be going, too. Must be the atmosphere."

"Last year—river crossing—a little two-days' engagement. Good lord, Verschoyle, I should have thought that the remarks the Captain made would have fixed the matter in *your* memory. It was an unholy hotch-potch."

Stanton winked at Alexander. "Old V.'s got a convenient memory," he added. "Jog it, Stephen. Your engineer's evidently too much of a howling swell to be addressed lightly."

"He is—he is." Trooper Stephen cast an approving eye upon the be-oiled Carteret. "If you want to know anything about carburettors, exhausts, valves, throttles, etcetera, ask that grimy young man in the flannels which once were white. . . . But, Carteret, old V must be reminded——"

"Well, it was Kernahan's idea—pity he's so lazy. Don't you remember, V., that far back in the May of 1909, it occurred almost simultaneously to your commanding officers (on whom be peace) that camp time was just the occasion for a little raid into our territory?"

"We gave you twenty-four hours' notice, though," said Verschoyle, warmly.

"You did. Granted, my Lily of Laguna, you did. And it's my private opinion that you got on the rattle one clear second after time, having prepared for that move beforehand."

"We knew jolly well *you'd* be prepared for anything," said Verschoyle.

"Recovering your memory, V., you old fox," observed Kernahan from among the cushions.

"Shut up!" said Stephen, swiftly. "You're dead in this act. You've been bally well courtmartialled and shot, years ago!"

Kernahan did not even protest.

The motor-boat, "plugging" in measured time, continued to put in good, serious work, and slid easily through the sunset-tinted waters.

"On this occasion, however," said Trooper Stephen, "we were a little—well—say shocked, when we heard that having further to go than we had, you'd bagged the river without spilling a drop of imaginary blood or wasting a round of H.M. Government's blank ammunition. It amounted to——"

"A walk over!" said Kernahan, the irrepressible.

"Yes, that's it. A walk over——"

"Pardon. We got over in eel-fishers' boats——"

"Don't be flippant, V. ——".

"The very words," murmured Verschoyle, "that Captain Tankerton used when *I* tried to treat it all as a huge joke. Go on, Stevie. We had no time to hear the ins and outs of the matter."

"Well, anyway, the whole thing was too piffling to bear with." Trooper Stephen lit a cigarette. "It seemed that it was going to end in a pointless victory for the Gadflies, you see, Alexander——"

"And so it ought, if it hadn't been for the genial self-satisfaction of Sergeant—Troop-

Sergeant Verschoyle," said Stanton, of the Midshire Yeomanry.

"*You're* making a huge game of the affair now. But you were pretty upset same as the rest of us at the time," said Verschoyle. "If I remember rightly, too, it was you who proposed the game of solo——"

"You forget I'm in the dark," Trooper Alexander reminded them. "*What* game of solo?"

"Why it was like this——"

Verschoyle's explanation was interrupted by Kernahan, who saw fit to fling an ancient boot, that he had rescued from the water early that day, direct at the house boat "Cleopatra," that they passed on their bows.

"For luck," said he. "Dear old tub!"

"You've damaged the paint slightly, Kernahan," said Stanton. "So thank heaven she isn't mine *now!*"

Verschoyle favoured Kernahan and Stanton with an expressive glance, such as he used to crush impertinent recruits.

"It was like this, Mr. Alexander," he repeated, "we crossed the river just here by means of eel-fishers' and river-men's boats (extortionately paid for as a means of transit, I can tell you!) Now, that little house-boat we just passed once belonged to the beautiful young gentleman who is known as Corporal Stanton to his admiring regiment. (It's all fair, S. You've been scoring inners off me for ten minutes past.)

"The Squadron," he went on, "had been ordered to bivouac on some high ground beyond that rise over there. . . . We're passing it now. The field round that mill on the sky-line. Twig it?

"Well, after we had perspired at the usual preliminaries to a bivouac, tetherin' horses, unloadin' G.S. wagons, and so forth—and it's no bloomin' set of Lancers either—it was unanimously moved that Corporal Stanton should ask the non-commissioned officers' mess down to his house-boat, for *we* knew that he had some syphons of soda down there. And—yes, Mr. Alexander, you're right—a bottle or so of whisky.

Our Captain got wind of it, and, bein' a young man who, I know by instinct, has his bed valances hung in pink trellis cretonne, it did not surprise the non-coms.' mess that he should hint to me personally that he was getting very tired of the comfort offered by the shafts of the General Service Wagon.

"Whereupon, Stanton extended his respectful, but cordial, invitation on behalf of the non-coms. of Squadron 'A' of what you chaps facetiously term the 'Gadflies.' Thus, dusk found us deeply interested in solos, abundances, and props and cops. Yes, we made a pretty three tables, twelve of us in all, representin' the wit, grace, beauty, and brains of the Midshire's Squadron 'A.'"

"My hat!" observed Kernahan, "Your trumpeter must have been dead a long, long time."

"Ducky, it's fair descriptive," said Sergeant Verschoyle.

"All this time," said Trooper Stephen, taking up the running, "we were cruising about the river pretty devious in a motor-boat that Carteret, by much patriotic and soulful persuasion, had borrowed on tick from old Tiggs, the boat-builder. It was Kernahan who smelt 'em out—very clever seeing how our petrol 'niffed. The idiots, you see, had been mad enough to leave a Yeomanry cloak on a canvas chair on the upper deck."

"It was that idiot Tankerton!" said Stanton, warmly.

"Speak not in disrespect of thy betters, lad," said Trooper Stephen, winking. "You haven't been in the Territorials ten years, surely, and yet still expect to find sense among the majority of its officers?"

"Well, anyhow, Kernahan spotted it. Strictly speakin', we were lookin' out for your advance guard, havin' been sent ahead with Devine's scouts for that heavenly purpose. Gosh! we were astounded, old V., when we heard that you blighters had skipped the pond and were actually havin' the bally sauce to bivouac on our side of the river! Always barrin' that cloak, your—er—flying column had got us fairly set. Any umpire might as well have given the game to you straight away."

"Oh! Tankerton, Tankerton!" Verschoyle murmured softly.

"Bless him. Bless everybody!" said Kernahan, sleepily.

Stephen looked up. "Shut up! You're in lime now, bally well drawn and quartered, you magnified Militiaman. . . . Anyhow, James, my boy, Kernahan—you wouldn't recognise him at the moment—Kernahan reconnoitred that house-boat. He knew Verschoyle and Stanton.

"He came back to me.

"'By my sainted Brigadier General,' said he, 'the twins are in that boat with what appears to be the Captain and all the non-coms.' mess of the Midshire's Squadron "A," right from the Sergeant-Major to the youngest lance-corporal. And on the hill is their pure-hearted squadron—beautifully alone!'

"'What a bit of luminous luck,' said I. or something to that effect. 'Let's go and capture 'em.'

"'Right,' says Kernahan. 'Let's go and take 'em prisoners.'

"For once it was our engineer here, Trooper Carteret, who had a bit of sense.

"'Hold on a shake,' said he. 'Don't waste time on your theorising, for heaven's sake, man. Can't you see that we've got all their officers like rats in a trap? What use will their squadron be without officers? Umpire must count 'em out of action!'

"But nothing would move Carteret.

"'Give me a rope,' he said. 'Gi'me a rope!'

"Well, we were helpless, not having any knowledge of motor-boats. We were slaves to the tyrant Carteret. We discovered a hefty lump in a locker forward.

"'Here's your rope,' said Kernahan. 'Goin' to hang yourself with it?'

"'No,' said Carteret, 'but I'm going to make assurance doubly sure. What game are they playin'?' 'Solo,' says Kernahan. 'I heard young Stanton call an abundance.'"

Stanton took his pipe from his mouth and sighed wearily.

"I lost that abundance—the only good hand I'd had all the evening, too. Went down by one. Verschoyle whacked me, of course."

Trooper Stephen nodded.

"Carteret was glad when he heard you were playing solo."

"'That means,' said he, 'that they'll be oblivious to you casting off their stern-rope moorings, Kernahan, and to *you* obliging in a similar manner with their other rope, Stephen.'

"Kernahan looked at him in despair. 'Can't you understand,' said Carteret, 'that if we *did* take 'em prisoners in the usual Territorial way, they might bring in some objection or protest to the Umpires on the ground that we are only three to their twelve? Mimic war doesn't allow for bally heroism.'

"Kernahan very nearly fell on his neck.

"'My delightful Reginald,' said he, 'you've surely got brains. We've stumbled on them in looking for something else, which is always the way.'

"Carteret coiled up his precious rope.

"'That's very kind of you,' he said, very haughtily.

"'All I've to do when you've cast off their moorings is to——'"

Trooper Alexander's face lit up with the purest enthusiasm, and he cut through Stephen's sentence.

"All you had to do, Carteret," said he, delightedly, "was to fix your rope and tow the 'Cleopatra,' and the Gadflies aboard, to the loving arms of the waiting squadron down stream. It must have been gorgeous——"

There was a momentary stirring amid the red cushions.

"More brains, you see!" said Trooper Kernahan. "Don't you think my young bloods are brilliant beggars, Verschoyle?"

Verschoyle tossed his cigarette-case over to the somnolent Trooper of the King's Own.

"Well, rather," said he; "on form, they're extra. Anyhow, some of 'em paralysed Squadron 'A' that day by removing from its bows all——"

"Its wit, grace, beauty, and brains," said Kernahan. "My Legion's mutinied, chuck us a match, Verschoyle."

WHY AMERICAN BOXERS BEAT US.

A famous pugilist of the days of the prize-ring recently gave the writer his theory with regard to the superiority of the American boxer over the Briton. When the prize-ring was abolished and boxing went "out of fashion" with the great patrons of the sport, many of the big men of the ring went over to the States—especially the cream of the Irishmen—and in this way the fountain-head of boxing *science* may be said to have left the country.

The fact that the greatest Transatlantic boxers are of Irish extraction—for instance, Corbett, Sullivan, and Burns—certainly seems to lend colour to the theory.

THE TOP OF THE TABLE GAME.

There will, of course, be many of our readers, men who can consistently reel off their forties and fifties on the billiard table, who will know more about the "top of the table" game than can be compressed into this paragraph; but to many ambitious beginners, or "strugglers," it may be of interest and service.

The "top of the table" game is the once you have got all three balls in the vicinity of the red ball spot, of keeping them there to your own advantage. This is done by means of red losers and cannons. Say that the red is close to the spot, your own ball behind it, and the white on the other side, closer to the cushion. Put the red down with enough strength and side on your ball to bring it back to its original position. Then cannon in such a way as to leave the white over the pocket. Then put the red down again, and so on. With a little practice, under the guidance of a good player—say, for instance, a billiard-marker—the top of the table game will increase your scoring power by 100 per cent.

AN OBJECTIONABLE TYPE.

Most of us are interested in the weather, especially when we are down to take part in some outdoor game on the following day; but there is a very small section of the community which exploits the weather for the acquirement of a certain amount of cheap notoriety.

These people are weather experts. You can generally tell them by the way they have of squinting up at the heavens with a knowing air, and by the fact that they generally wear round flat-topped felt hats, and cloth boots, slashed here and there.

If you are in the company of one of this type and are searching for a subject for conversation, whatever you do avoid any reference to the weather. If you don't you will be sorry.

He will inform you that the wet weather will "come in with the moon," and that it will last for a month, or he will quote some deathless proverb about a red sky at night being the shepherd's delight, and will keep up an uninteresting talk on this subject until you tear yourself away.

Weather experts are the miserable product of old women's tea parties. "Oh, Mr. Brown is so clever at telling the weather!" some silly female will exclaim; and lo and behold another weather expert is launched upon a suffering world.

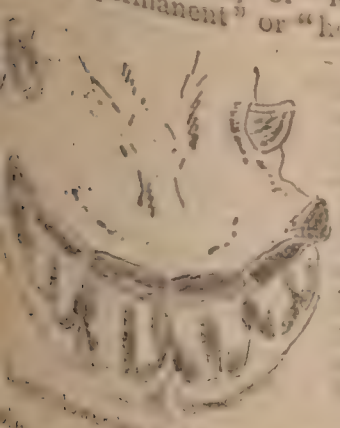
TELLING A HORSE'S AGE

PECULIARITIES OF HIS TEETH.

Never look a gift-horse in the mouth" is a time-honoured saying, but it is remarkable how few men would derive the desired information even from looking the mouth of a horse they proposed buying, which is much more important. Short of all it is as well to have some idea of the method of examining a horse's mouth for yourself. He will not keep it open for you in response to a mere request, and he is apt to resent any attempt to lever his jaws apart by the insertion of a finger or two from in front.

The more practical method is to insert the thumb of the right hand at the corner of his mouth so that it rests, as the bit does, upon the bars behind the teeth, and to open his mouth by taking hold of the lower jaw in this way, and grasping him by the nose above the nostrils with the left hand.

A horse has two complete sets of teeth at different stages of his career, the first being known as "temporary," "milk," or "foal" teeth, and the second as "permanent" or "horse" teeth.



Lower jaw at four years old.

The temporary tooth is small and white and has a distinct "neck," instead of tapering gradually to the root. It is ultimately pushed out by the permanent tooth which is larger and stronger and browner in colour.

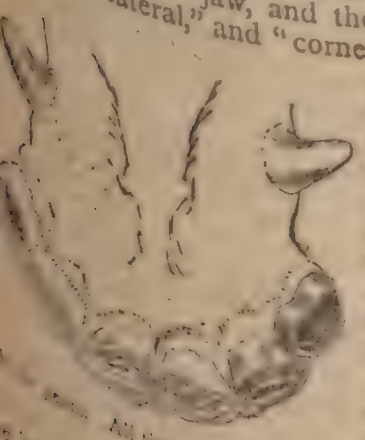
The biting surface of the tooth is known as the wearing surface, and on it appears the characteristic blackened depression surrounded by a white ring of enamel. This alone should be sufficient to tell an expert the approximate age of a horse.

A horse's teeth do not, like a man's, grow to a certain length and remain so. They continue to grow and to be worn away, and as they get older particular changes take place in their appearance.

In the case of the male there is an additional pair, which one does not get with a mare, for between the six "incisors," a horse at four years develops a "tush" on each side of the jaw a little distance behind the corner teeth.

At first these have sharp points and edges, but later they become rounded and worn away.

There are six incisors, both temporary and permanent, in each jaw, and they are known as "corner," "lateral," and "corner" on each side.



All the teeth have begun to wear, the corner ones being the first to show.

A new-born foal has only the two central incisors in each jaw. After about two months the lateral milk teeth are cut, and after six to eight months the corner teeth appear.

At one year all the temporary teeth have begun to wear, the corner incisors being little worn and the inner side of them not yet having grown level with the front.

At two years and a half the central milk teeth have been displaced by the permanent ones, which six months later show signs of wear.

At three years and six months the lateral incisors have also been replaced, and a year later the corner permanent teeth appear, being slightly worn at five years of age.

At six years all the teeth are in wear over their whole surface, the "marks" being much more prominent on the less worn corner teeth than any of the others.

When the mouth is closed, the teeth are upright and meet each other squarely.

After six years it becomes difficult to tell the exact age of a horse, but there are one or two landmarks which appear in the following years.

At ten years. The fang-hole is visible in the central teeth.

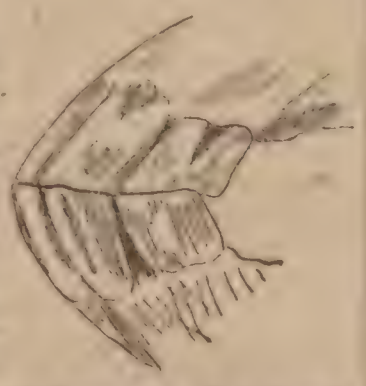
The "marks" gradually get smaller and rounder, until in a ten-year-old they may no longer be visible in the central teeth. As, however, some horses retain them much later, this is not a reliable criterion.

At about eight years the "fang-hole" appears in the wearing surface of the central teeth, as a transverse line in front of the mark. Later on it becomes a spot rather than a line, and finally replaces the mark.

The fang-hole is originally the cavity which contains the blood-vessels and nerves which make the tooth sensitive. As the tooth grows this becomes filled in with a lighter-coloured tooth substance, and when the tooth becomes worn down to this level, the top of it shows on the wearing surface.

With advancing age the teeth become longer and project forward more instead of meeting each other squarely.

At ten years "Galvayne's mark" appears. This is a depression on the outside of the upper corner incisor, as shown in the sketch, which at fifteen reaches half-way down the tooth, and at twenty touches the bottom, while if the horse lives, this mark is half-grown out at twenty-five and gone by thirty.



At fifteen years. Note the angle of teeth, and Galvayne's mark already half-way down the upper corner tooth.

The age of horses is reckoned from May 1, except in the case of thoroughbreds, when it is reckoned from January 1.

If you have to do with an unscrupulous dealer, beware of "bishoping," which, being interpreted, means the faking of an old mouth to look younger. The teeth are filed short and level—it must be a painful business for the horse—and a false mark is gouged out of the centre and blackened with caustic.

If this has been attempted, however, the teeth will not meet naturally when closed, and there will be no white enamel rim to the "mark," even if traces of the file or rasp are not apparent.

R. MARKHAM.

PUTTING THE BRAKE ON IN SPORT.

THE FOLLY OF OVERDOING IT.

It is said of horses, but it applies equally well to men, that the thoroughbred will go on till he drops. Likewise, the Englishman "does not know when he is beaten."

The sportsman, like the thoroughbred, will go on till he drops. This is largely because he has reserves of strength, and also because he never spares himself in anything that takes his fancy. Much of his willingness to give his last ounce of strength and stamina to any sporting object comes from that excellent quality of comradeship and "palliness" that binds him to his fellow-sportsman.

But there is a limit where common-sense should step in and call a halt even when inclination suggests still further indulgence. It is sometimes better for a man to leave well alone, even in sport. Let me recall a little instance.

For many years I have been in the habit of bathing in a certain well-known water in London. I usually arrived there with a police-inspector whom I knew, and, together, early every morning, we swam across and back again; then dressed, had a five-hundred-yards double along the shore, and separated for breakfast and work.

One morning my friend was absent. Alone I swam as usual, out and home; and was just on the bank about to rub down, when in the distance I saw my friend hurrying towards me. "Wait a second," he said, "you must come across with me." So I went back into the water, against my better judgment. I felt cold, and when less than half-way over I became thoroughly exhausted.

Not wishing to worry him I said nothing, but a cry for help was absolutely forced from me. The journey to the shore was done quite unconsciously so far as I was concerned. How he got me there I do not know, but I came round to find myself beginning to glow again with natural warmth. For over an hour they had been wondering whether it was worth going on!

That is the sort of thing that a sportsman should never risk. He has a fairly good idea of his powers as a rule; and when something tells him that he is attempting the impossible, he should desist.

I once lost an excellent pal—not his friendship, but his company—by over-doing a walk. We had tramped thirty miles, and he was worn out.

He lay in bed for three days after that walk, thoroughly done up and ill with overexertion; and now he will never walk away a Saturday with me. A finer companion I never had, but we over-did it that day; and I was the loser.

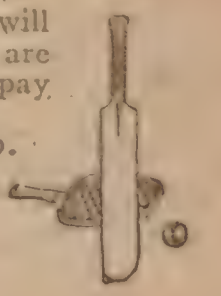
There is no dishonour in admitting that you have, for the moment, come to the end of your tether. On the contrary, there is infinite wisdom in realising and acting on the fact when confronted with it.

In sport, as in every realm, the mind soars above, or forges ahead, of the body. The spirit is willing, and so is the flesh, but, unhappily, the flesh is the weaker and more subject to the effects of exercise!

Having climbed one mountain a man wants badly to climb another and a higher and more difficult one. And sometimes the rope breaks! To know when, in the colloquial phrase, to "chuck it" is as valuable to the sportsman as to know when to put on that final spurt which is going to put victory beyond a doubt.

Apply the brakes in time, and you will never run the risk of accident. There are ample warnings given to most men. To pay no heed to them is foolhardy.

J. G. HAYWARD.



WHERE MEN FORECATHER

LXIII.
THE LIFEBOAT HOUSE.

I have heard many reasons given by dwellers in the big cities for selecting the seaside as a venue for their annual holiday. Various young men of my acquaintance have assigned it to the fresh air, the fresh fish—the fresh girls.

Yet of all those excellent young men, the most unfortunate man I ever met was the man who confided to me that year after year he had "come down" as late as October in order that he might experience, first-hand, the thrill of "the launch of the lifeboat" (so beloved of our animated-picture photographers and the frenzied descriptive journalese of P.A. and Central News local correspondents). Yet he had returned to the metropolis heartily disappointed, and leaving behind him a sea like the proverbial duck-pond and the sun still shining in the sky.

It was not until I pointed out that the English winter invariably falls in July that he altered the date of his annual holiday, and beneath the conventional leaden sky he at last saw the lifeboat launched into the in-shore rollers of the grey, creamy, boiling sea.

FACING THE STORM.

Yet if that young man provides a fitting subject for jest, or is to be included in the sensation-loving crowd that goes through life looking for thrills, from looping the loop performances to fiercely fought cup-tie matches, the man who goes out in the lifeboat certainly is not.

I have strolled around the lifeboat house, when summer zephyrs were blowing, when the sea one viewed from the look-out was blue, and the vessels far out resting "like painted ships upon a painted ocean." Then the lifeboat house was a show, and those who inspected it conformed to the unwritten rule of contributing something small in silver or copper to the box affixed to the big door upon which it was plainly stated that the institution was "Supported by voluntary contributions."

They climb up ladders past the big cork belt that surrounds the free-board of the boat. The old salt who is showing them round gravely exhibits the "curiosities"—the cork jackets, the life-belts, and the rocket apparatus for flinging a line far to such as cling to the wreckage when the big seas are breaking over the doomed ship's decks. The tarpaulin "breeches," and the trolley that runs along the swiftly slung line are shown also.

TRIPPERS' SURPRISE.

The keeper of these things tells the visitors of little occasions when those odd-looking affairs saved women and children, and brought them drenched, but safe, from the upper rigging just as she "gave a lurch—and there weren't nothin' left but a whirlpool."

The visitors look, and are duly amazed. They remark in Cockney accents, "Oh, I s'y!" and "Well, I never!"

They tip the man who has assisted at these little functions; Londoners are nothing if not generous. Then they climb to the look-out.

Outside beyond the beach the little breakers are tinkling upon the shingle, and white-sailed pleasure yachts are curvetting; the visitors' younger relations are making sand-pies where the lumbering lifeboat carriage has rolled.

They have read of such things in the newspapers certainly—yet it seems very fantastic, very unreal now.

But there is the reality.

It comes when the big gales are sweeping the coast towns; when the sand is a flying yellow blindness, cutting along the deserted parade; when those who remarked "Oh, I s'y!" and "Well, I never!" are thinking of the Lifeboat House merely as one of the places of interest mentioned next to the Museum in the Corporation's Guide Book—that is, if they are troubling to call to mind their long-past holiday at all.

It comes with the boom of the warning gun. There is a pause, during which the whole seaside town, engaged upon its lawful pursuits, listens intently. Then that booming again. It is the confirming signal for the launch of the lifeboat.

THE TOWN TURNS OUT.

Hearing these things, were you in that coast-town, the next thing you would wonder would be, whence come all the people? It resolves itself into one long race from any starting-point, all making for the gale-swept tempest-riven parade.

In that stream are all sorts and conditions of men; shop-keepers who have someone to leave in charge, solicitors' clerks out on their employers' business; policemen off duty with nothing else to do and policemen on duty who discover that their special assistance may be needed to keep back the crowds.

Here are even men who have risen hurriedly from a sitting of the Town Council—and, in the Vanguard of all, on swiftly-pedalled bicycles, the men with the notebooks, with descriptive in their hearts and "lineage" in their minds. Always remember that the youth of the town considers it its bounden duty to assist to launch that lifeboat!

These younger generations arrive, breathless at the lifeboat house, the cigarettes have long been flung from their lips, cast away to spark along with the driving sand until the paper is an [illegible] sheath and the light Virginia part of the [illegible] dust.

PUTTING TO SEA.

For them there is nothing but a craving [illegible] to work. What steadfast purpose there is [illegible] them is usually hidden under a blasé affect[illegible] But one forgets to be blasé. This is se[illegible]

. . . It is the strongest who fight their w[illegible] the great wheels of the lifeboat carriage first. it is fitting that the weakest shall be pu[illegible] the stone-flagged groin that leads to the [illegible] beach. There is honour in catching the eye o[illegible] oily-cloaked, sou'wester'd coxswain who direc[illegible] things. From that crowd he can select the [illegible] of strength who are of use to him, men wh[illegible] the boat were undermanned—though this [illegible] thing unheard of—he would immediately [illegible] from the prompt volunteers.

Thus, while the perspiring men at the [illegible] wheels become red and dripping, while the [illegible] cheer, and no one attempts the laboured [illegible] joke, they get her jerkily but swiftly down t[illegible] water's edge.

She is afloat, and already the oars are di[illegible] into the surf . . . but on the horizon the[illegible] broken mainmast against the grey.

PETER GILCHR[illegible]

PICTURES THAT MEN LIKE.

There is no truer saying than that every [illegible] lives in an atmosphere of his own ma[illegible]. it follows as a direct corollary that from t[illegible] dences of that atmosphere one can form an [illegible] lent idea of the man's character. [illegible] there is no clearer evidence of a man's [illegible] atmosphere than the pictures with which h[illegible] rounds himself.

The man whose rooms are full of pict[illegible] Dendy Sadler type—jolly old hunting [illegible] carolling lusty choruses over a pipe and [illegible] obviously a *bon vivant* of sporting incli[illegible] and probably a Tory; the man who likes to [illegible] at every turn on chastely-framed reproductio[illegible] the "old masters" is, equally clearly, a [illegible] Artist—with a big A; and it is hard to d[illegible] a liking for Hogarth prints from a slightly p[illegible] tendency.

But the pictures favoured by the [illegible] normal man are for the most part of a [illegible] ing character—a stiff jump in the Grand N[illegible] a yacht under full sail, or a peaceful cri[illegible] scene, here and there the portrait of a pr[illegible] athlete; and on the mantelpiece, the p[illegible] honour, portraits of those near and dear [illegible] and his best friends.

THE MODERN MAN LEAGUE.

By filling up and posting the form printed below you will gain over ten thousand potent[illegible] who are scattered throughout the length and breadth of Britain, all of them first-rate sportsmen

The badge gives you the privilege of speaking to other members without the formality of [illegible] duction, for you are both friends of ours.

These are the badges we supply, with their respective prices: Gold-plated tie-pin or safety [illegible] gold-plated lapel or cap badge, 6d.; gold-plated pendant for watch-chain, 6d.; solid silver t[illegible] safety-pin, 1s.; solid silver lapel or cap badge, 1s.; solid silver pendant for watch-chain, 1s.; 9[illegible] tie-pin, safety-pin, or pendant, 6s.; 18-ct. gold tie-pin, safety-pin, or pendant, 12s.

Fill up the coupon, striking out the words which do not apply, enclose it with a P.O. to [illegible] price of the badge you select, and post your letter to the Editor, THE MODERN MAN, [illegible] Building, Strand, London. Please write the word "League" on the top left-hand corner of your [illegible]

APPLICATION FORM.

Please enrol me as a Member of THE MODERN MAN League, and forward me a Badge of Membership, for which I enclose P.O. value.....

I desire the Badge to be of 18 ct. gold, 9-ct. gold, solid silver, gold-plated; and it is to be fitted as a tie-pin, a safety-pin, a pendant for the watch-chain, a lapel or cap badge. (Strike out the words which do not apply.)

Signature.....

Address.....

.....

A VIGNETTE.

THE MAINSPRING

By F. PROCTOR WATSON.

The little shop lies buried
the grey of West Central
ondon, not in a street like the majority of
ondon's traffic ways, but in a thoroughfare
sed only in a desultory fashion as a short cut
the life of Tottenham Court Road.
It is an etching in sepia.
You walk along until you come to a low-
itched window which contains innumerable
atches hung on nails affixed to the cross-
ieces, and also there are wondrous snuff-
oxes, and one or two pieces of old china, in a
lass-faced cabinet ascribed to the immortal
hippendale. Look above you, and by the
ded gold lettering you will see that this is
e workshop of V. DRESDENNER, Watch-
aker.

They told me that Dresdenner excelled in
e execution of repairs that required delicate
ndling.

The watch I took him had belonged to my
andfather. It was heavily chased in gold,
d bore his initials (which were also mine)
on one side, and on the other the blazon of
s coat of arms.

V. Dresdenner, Watchmaker, opened the
ter casing, took out the mechanism bodily,
rewed up his aggressive eyebrows, and pored
er the timepiece.

"What's the matter with it?" he asked me.
It reminded me much of a doctor who asks
u the same question regarding yourself. I
with the formula that I use with the

what I've come here to find out,"

He applied a stemless liquer-glass-shaped
ir of black horn, such as watchmakers use,
his eye, and for the space of several
onds searched the interior of my watch
ough the lens.

"This is Monday," said he, "Say—

Thursday!" said I. (That watch had
almost part of myself.)

wait so long?" His inspec-
incapacitated heirloom became
"Very well. It isn't often I
hold of a watch like this in these days,
no one really need spend more than a
overeign on a watch—as far as time-keep-
goes. Yes, sir; it's a *real* pleasure. I—I—
obliged to you for—for more than
. It takes me back to, well,
times. Come back in an hour."

There was a cane-seated chair, with its back
cured with string, on the other side of the
unter, upon which I thought I could make
yself comfortable. An oily early-summer-
ternoon sun was filtering through the win-
w, indu ing naught but sheer laziness.
I looked towards the seat.
You can wait, if you've nothing better to
Most of my customers wait——"
I began to like V. Dresdenner.
Thank you," said I, and installed myself
the seat of customers.
As I sat, smoking a briar endeared to me
long association, I wondered from whence
oceeded the charm of mere idleness amid
work-benches in a little musty shop. Yet
doubtedly it was stealing upon me, lightly,
ently, surely. I desisted from my sole
tion—that of puffing at my pipe. The
ke ascended indolently ceilingwards in
y threads. I placed my pipe reverently
the bench near by. Then the essence of
ague charm entirely permeated the atmo-
.

I had not caught it, then, first of all
ough the sense of sight, although my sur-
ndings were certainly quaint; nor of smell,
though that mustiness also added to the
ic of the thing. My hearing was respon-
. It came upon me, enveloped me—
intrusive ticking and clicking of the watches, answered by the graver tocking of the two grandfather clocks.

Yet there was a third grandfather clock in a mahogany case. Through the half-open doorway of the lower part of it I saw that the pendulum—a thing of dull brass—was still. Above the clock-face was the painted and exquisitely carved figure of an old man with a scythe—*the* old man with a scythe—Father Time. The other two were venerable beings; thus it was not seemly that I should cast the slightest disparagement upon them, although their cases had not the mellow richness of the clock to which was affixed the evidently mechanical figure of Father Time.

Wherefore, I merely asked of V. Dresdenner, Watchmaker, why that clock was not clucking in company with the rest. I had watched on the one clock an old lady come out of a house and milk an impossible cow; and on the other a small brazen sun rose when the clock struck four, and set again letting up steely stars, with something of a jerk, into the place they occupied for over fifty-nine and a half minutes of the hour.

V. Dresdenner looked up after a pause of some few minutes, during which time he had been making artistic jabs with a small instrument of his craft.

"Young man," said he, gravely; "never—never talk to a man at *that* stage of fixing a mainspring."

I begged his pardon, and fixed my eye on a pair of oil-paintings hung on either side of the clock that did not go. When a man has nothing to do, and is in the company of another who is working, he is too prone to make a remark to break the monotony of the silence, but in the clockmaker's shop I had plenty to occupy my attention. I could weave romances around those grandfather clocks. And there were the oil-paintings. I searched them in the distance with my eyes, and found what I was looking for inscribed very minutely, yet readably, as I had a clue to go upon, in the bottom left-hand corners of each. There were signed unobtrusively, yet in rather pedantic style, "V. D."

Then my watchmaker was also an artist of sorts!

"Then, you paint——" I stopped, remembering his former warning.

"I'm sorry," said I.

"Ah, it's no matter, sir. This is mechanical now—purely mechanical. You were looking at those pictures."

He went on attending to my watch as he spoke.

"They—they were the outcome of—of a little hobby, sir. I dabbled in it."

I noticed they were portraits—one of a young man vending those terra-cotta coloured figures such as Italians sell, the other showed a light-haired girl bearing a tambourine decked with vari-tinted ribbons.

The expression, the light and shade, almost rendered my question absurd, but I asked him.

"From life?" said I.

The young man had a fine head, big, yet symmetrical arms, the chest that showed through his loosened shirt was of the sort of which an athlete might well be proud; his neck and chin were delicately modelled, yet manly and firm—the embodiment of strength and grace uncaring. As for the girl, one may walk for many a day and never meet such an one.

But my watchmaker was talking to me, also he laughed a little—but that laugh was devoid of the slightest touch of true humour.

"The young man? Oh, he was my apprentice, and the girl——"

He paused—he even looked up from my watch.

"My daughter, sir," said he. "And you see the grandfather clock that—that doesn't go?"

I nodded. I felt instinctively that there was a little romance attached to that clock.

"That was to be their wedding present. She wound it up the day before they were to be married. And Elsa—my daughter—laughed as she did it—laughed, and sang, and chattered. (Oh, she was so like her mother.) Why, yes—she danced in front of the clock, and pointed to the first standard in the mahogany (You see, sir? There) and said that the little mahogany moulding, only so high, would be just right for (What do you think, sir?) my grandchildren to grasp when they learn to walk. Then she took the key (you can see it, dust-covered now, on the top of the clock, behind that brass eagle) and declared as she turned it round and round that no other hands than hers should wind the clock from thenceforth. . . . That was a true word, sir. No one has set that clock going since that day——"

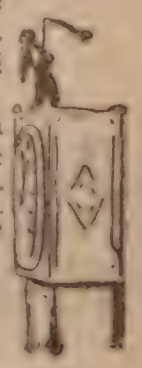
"That day," said I.

"Twenty years ago. That, though too highly coloured perhaps, is a fair likeness of the young man. Frank Vess was his name. His father and I were boys together. We came—ah! from a different land to this, sir, where there is air and mountains—and no money. One cannot live on air. Thus the slopes know us no more, and we are here in London, that boy's father and I.

"Old Vess—(he is more bent than I, sir)—still keeps a little tailor's shop, near Burton Crescent, off Tavistock Square—and England is our home, English our tongue. Well, the the English, they are good workmen; but, as watchmakers——" V. Dresdenner shrugged his shoulders. "It is not for me to boast. They have not the touch, they are too strong. Big things they can make, like church clocks and grandfather clocks, but—I am an old man, and youthful vanity being in the dust now, I can speak without shame—it is a very good thing that you brought your watch to me. An Englishman made it? Yes, sir—but those men died with the last George, when brave men wore bright coats, silken waistcoats, and kept a good watch ticking in their fob-pockets.

"But I am getting away from the—you will call it a small circumstance—that I was going to tell you about. Old Vess prospered. I prospered. Yet it is not often that a man sets a son to his own trade. In the end the boy came to me to learn the trade. He learned other things; one thing, just when he was out of his time (I had the writing here with the stamp in the corner), was to love my daughter. Sir, I had not noticed her growing up; I did not know she was a woman.

"Then, one day, Frank Vess put down some work he was doing (he used to sit on the chair you are using, and at the very bench opposite) and just as though he were asking



for a rise of wages, he asked me for—what do you think? Nothing less than my only daughter! Ah, said I, they were too young. Oh, but it had all been arranged with lover's foresight. My girl, she was behind the door that leads into my room where we eat (that door behind you). Hardly had I begun to object than she ran in, threw her arms round my neck, called me the very best of fathers—and, sir, how could I refuse?

"I might have asked how he expected to keep her on his wage. Yet, those two, they had made it so simple. Frank, of course, must become a partner in my little business, said Elsa, before I had time to speak at all gravely.

"Well—it is the penalty of being old. You see, your dearest ones die or marry away from you. I was getting old. It was not for me to flinch at the penalty. Thus everything was almost complete—even as your watch, which only wants polishing now. Then one day there came a footman from one of the big houses in one of the big squares where the great live. That old Dresdenner was a good man at his trade was a truth that, by some combination of a thousand accidents, had spread ever so far beyond this street.

"It seemed—that footman was a young man *with* a tongue, sir—that the young English ladyship, who employed him, was eccentric—of the sort that burns to collect old things before they themselves know anything of age—and a little romantic. Her father, an old lord, had left behind him many things. He was so rich that collecting old watches of all sorts, sizes, and degrees had been a hobby of his. Also there were in that house beautiful clocks, wondrous things from all over the world, delicate in workmanship, which the old lord allowed none but himself to tend and wind. Her young ladyship requested that I should come—I, old Dresdenner! who had worn naught but the same snuff-coloured suit for many years.

"'I will send my son,' said I to the man-servant—for Frank, mark you, was as a son to me. 'He, too, is skilled,' I said; and that, also, was a true word.

"A big, fine young man, and of a look that was to cause much sorrow. Yet Frank, who was my friend's son, yet looked to me as to a father, was a man well skilled at his trade, and was worthy of his training.

"He kissed Elsa and laughed, and went. He was dressed in the morning-coat which his father had made for him with the best of his skill—he was to be married in it you see. I watched him, his fine shoulders, his manly bearing, his handsome head, as he walked out of that door. He looked as I would have Elsie's future husband look—a grand young man. I am past vanity; therefore, I can say that his father and I were of that make through and through when the pine-clad slopes knew us. . . . Yes, sir, he walked out of that door never to return the same—never the same.

"He was gone all that day, and it was well into the second hour of a new day that he returned. Elsa and I had waited up for him. In the room that is beyond that door there, his supper was still spread. It was our usual supper—a thing upon which I should make no comment were it not part of this matter. There was brown bread upon the table, good cheese, and the lager beer with which he washed his meal down was in the beer-jug—one such as they use at home. It contained the equivalent to your English pint, and the lid was down to keep the ale from getting flat. But Elsa had used him to fancies, I must tell you, sir. There was hot cheese on bread, and kept warm on the hearth for Frank.

"He came in, and was like a man who did not know the way; he seemed to curl that fine lip of his; his face was flushed, and the pupils of his eyes were big—big as a cat's when night has fallen. I was—I am a saving man. A little oil-lamp only hung from the ceiling. He sat down—a little heavily, I thought,—and complained of the smell of the oil, which had suited him well enough for six good years.

"I looked at him. He was not my son, but a strange young man. Also in the corner Elsa was weeping silently. A father's eyes could see where a lover's could not. She was weeping because he had forgotten to kiss her immediately on his return—and this I may tell you, if you have no sweetheart or wife, is a thing that weighs heavily with women.

"The supper he did not touch, nor did he lift the lid of the drinking mug. He smoked a cigarette of an imported Egyptian brand. It stank more than the oil to my thinking. He finished it, saying nothing of consequence, and casting an eye around the little room. He found that nothing in it matched, and said so. Yet for six years he had made no such comment.

"I got the three candles from the cupboard and gave Elsa hers. . . . I thought it was time to go to bed. He sprang up suddenly, and, crossing over to Elsa, kissed her good-night hurriedly. Then, saying he would go to his room presently, he bade me a vague good-night. Something other than bed was occupying his thoughts. I left him looking down at the crease in his trousers and the shine on his boots. (These, too, were for the wedding-day, you see.) My Elsa, on the landing, sought me and wept on my shoulder. It seemed that she had caught the smell of perfume—and a rare perfume—from his coat lapels. I told her it was a matter of no consequence, for it was likely, said I, that the homes of the great smell of other things than lamp-oil.

"But I remembered the words of the serving man of her ladyship . . . eccentric, romantic—and Frank was a fine man. Yet, until he had asked for Elsa I had thought that his mind was set on other things than smiling lips and women's eyes, although it had come to me that women, being what they are, stout would have to be the fortress of his heart against that which assaults it in the name of Love . . . and he had seen only Elsa.

"But the marriage day approached, and with its coming Elsa's fears were stilled. Of the little attentions that lovers cherish he had since that night lacked in none, and he had wasted more in small presents for her than I thought provident. Daily he went to the house of the old lord's daughter to wind those clocks. It was a service for which I was well paid. In those days the upper classes did not haggle, sir.

"Then there was that morning of which I have spoken to you, sir—the morning when I took my Elsa around the shop to select her wedding present from among the clocks—and many that I knew then were such as I had bought up gradually, well knowing their worth, which the ignorant who sold for the sake of the ready money did not. There were some beautiful casings. She made a pretence of considering others, but I knew that her mind had been made up from the day I had promised her a clock for a present.

"My Elsa came to this clock behind you—the clock which goes no more. I handed her the key and kissed her—it was her father's wedding present. She wound up the clock as I have told you.

"I gave her also the key to open the door in front (that door that is open now) and set the pendulum going, as one must with grandfather's clocks.

"She had unlocked the door, and her pretty finger was almost upon the pendulum when the postman came in.

"A letter from Frank! She dropped her hands. Even when parted from her for a moment in the course of business, said she, he thought of her. . . . Oh, and she went on, as she tore the letter open, to say how unfounded had been her suspicions—how unworthy of Frank Vess, whom all the world told her that if he turned out to be as manly, as he looked, he would do.

"Ah. . . . You should have sir. She smoothed out the letter counter there and read it, read word. Behind, the grandfather wedding—home. In front—oh, very things. I had the words of that letter upon my brain many times ere I in that little enclosed stove, th... But there are some things a ... himself. This is one that, well ... by heart, I repeat it to no one.

"But the gist of it simply wa... man made as he, with the featu... of a Greek god, there was, ma... thing better in store than marriage ... homely daughter of a miserly wa... Those two last words, cruel as they a... his very own; the words of the ... who was as my son!

"And my daughter? Surely you ... guessed? She was like her mother ... of spirit. For all that, lad, she di... nice when robbed of that love wh... —the mainspring of her life—they t... of the water. . . . My daughter ... my. . . . Sir, forgive an old ... mentarily I was forgetting your ... thus my tongue has run on.

"See, your watch has a new ... —a new mainspring—at the cost o... sixpence. I thank you, and wish ... day."

KNOTTY POINTS IN GA...

III.—GOLF.

The penalty for causing the ba... by touching it with the club when ... ing" it, or in the course of ... impediments by which it is sur... the loss of one stroke. When ... deemed to have "moved"?—A ... deemed to "move" if it leave ... position in the least degree. A ... ever, that merely oscillates and ... to its original position, has not "... If, however, a player "addressing ... in driving off from the teeing ... it off the tee, there is no penalty, ... tee his ball again.

A player's ball is "cocked up" in a ... in taking up his stance he so disturbs ... that the ball rolls down, although he ... touched it directly. Has he ... ball?—Yes.

A player makes a stroke and his ... into two or more pieces; what happ... is entitled to drop another ball wh... piece lies.

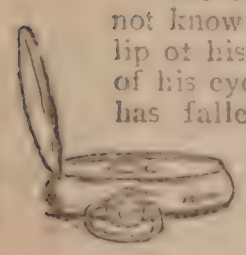
A player "drops" a ball, and ... a bunker behind him; he can pick ... and drop it again outside the ... any penalty.

May a player stand out of bo... a ball that is lying within bou...

What is the extent of the "putting ... —The putting-green is all ground ... ards, which include bunkers, ... "casual" water), sand, roads, p... whins, bushes, rushes, within ... hole. The putting-green, therefore, ... many people think, limited to the ... prepared turf round the hole.

When the balls lie within six inches ... other on the putting-green the ball ... hole may be lifted at the option of ... player; how is the six inches m... tween the nearest points of the ...

Your opponent's ball lies on the ... hole, you play the "like" and ... winning the hole. But there is a ... blowing, and just after your ball ... down, it blows your opponent's ball ... hole, what happens? He counts ... holed out in his last stroke, and ... halves the hole instead of losing ... moment your ball was down you ... knocked his ball away.



INCREASING YOUR HEIGHT.

SOME THOROUGHLY PRACTICAL HINTS.

There is no need for a man to worry about being shorter than the average man until he reaches the age of twenty. Between nineteen and twenty-three are many men who do the bulk of their growing.

When, however, a man finds that he is too short at twenty; he should set about increasing his height in a scientific manner, for unless he takes steps to do so he is not likely to grow taller. The system I am about to describe will do much for a man in the twenties, but it is extremely difficult to secure any perceptible increase after thirty.

I have several special exercises to give, but it is necessary, in the first place, to lay down certain general rules.

Take the men of Lancashire. Why is it that they are, on an average, shorter in stature than the men at Westmoreland? It is because they have spent their time for generations past in badly-ventilated factories. First and foremost, therefore, comes the need for fresh air. That one must have at all hazards, even though it means the giving up of one job and the seeking for another.

The indoor worker must see to it that his bedroom windows are wide open all night, and he must scheme and plan to be in the open air every moment of his spare time.

Good food also is necessary. Not the food advocated by vegetarians and other cranks, but good solid English diet—beef, and plenty of it, with milk and vegetables and bread, and what other things you find you can digest easily.

It is also necessary to go in for general exercise as much as possible. Sports of every kind, and especially outdoor sports, are excellent for increasing the height.

These, then, are the three things that I stipulate—fresh air, good food, and plenty of exercise. Now to come to special treatment.

First of all, it is necessary to learn to make the most of what height you have. The spine of the average man is a long way from being straight. In most cases it forms a rough resemblance to the letter "S," curving inwards at the waist and outwards at the shoulders.

This tendency may be corrected very largely by deliberately keeping yourself up as a soldier does. I should recommend anyone desiring to increase his height to join the Territorials, if possible.

If military drill is impossible, go in for a system of exercises modelled on the same lines.

Test the straightness of your back by placing your spine against a door half open. The spine is full of joints, and you can bend it this way and that till—always keeping your heels on the ground—you reach an inch or an inch and a half higher than you would otherwise have done. Stand in that position for at least five minutes, stretching yourself as much as possible.

There are several excellent gymnastic exercises that may be practised with advantage by the man who wants to grow tall. Probably the best of them is the one in which he stands at attention, raises his hands above his head, and swings them down till they touch his toes, while he keeps his knees rigid.

It must be remembered, however, that this and all other similar exercises have a tendency to make the back merely supple without definitely straightening it, and they should always be practised in conjunction with the exercise already mentioned—that of bringing the back against the edge of a door.

Another capital exercise is to hang by the hands from a horizontal bar, or from the top of a door, for at least a minute at a time. It tends to induce growth in the cartilages between the bones of the spine, and thereby to increase the total height.

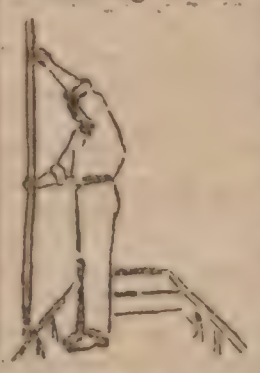
J. H. CARR.

THE WHOLE ART OF PUNTING

THE MOST FASCINATING FORM OF WATERMANSHIP.

The man whose knowledge of the river and its pleasures is confined to paddling about in a sculling skiff, which he may or may not know how to manage properly, misses most of what is best in river life.

Punting is the ideal means of locomotion on the water, when the main object is not speed or distance, for there is nothing so deliciously restful and soothing as to lie at full length in the bows of a punt, propped up with cushions, and puffing lazily at a pipe, while the water laps round the blunt nose of the craft, and, greatest joy of all, to watch another man sweating in the heat of the sun as he propels you along with deft, sure strokes of the sixteen-foot pole, from which the water drips like glistening diamonds.



Dropping the pole.

But though the whole art of being punted would make a fascinating subject in itself, the art of punting is at present under consideration.

You may have noticed that the waterman who takes a ferry-punt across the river propels it in quite a different fashion from that adopted by the man in the racing punt or the light pleasure craft.

The older method, which is now retained practically only for heavy fishing or ferry punts, required more strength and quite as much skill as that now in vogue. It is known as the "running" method, since the pole is dropped to the bottom from the forward end of the punt, and the punter "runs" or walks along the boat, pushing it away from under his feet while pressing upon the pole.

"Quanting," as the method used on the Norfolk Broads for propelling big wherries is called, is very similar to this, the enormous pole having a round disc at the top which is set against the shoulder while you walk along the side in leisurely fashion towards the stern.

The modern method is distinguished by the name of "pricking," and it first appeared in the championship contest in 1877, when Abel Beesley, who is still a well-known figure on the Isis at Oxford, won the championship from Edward Andrews, of Maidenhead, by means of it.

Steering with the pole.

The main difference is that you remain in one place in the punt and propel it by means of a great number of vigorous single strokes instead of taking the three strides towards the stern that go to make up the "running" stroke.

The proper position to take up is about a yard or less in front of the locker, which is invariably to be found in the stern of a punt. This end is naturally heavier than the other, and you want to have as little weight as possible in the bows, for, as with a skiff or a canoe, the higher they are out of the water, the easier will be your progress.

Some men prefer to punt the boat stern first, for by standing in the open bows they get more room, but as a good punter seldom moves his feet, this should not be necessary.

As to which side of the boat you punt from, this is a matter more for personal taste than anything else. To most men it comes natural to punt from the left-hand side, so that the right hand is uppermost during the stroke itself.

You should stand close up against the side with the feet almost pointing to it, and the body half turned to the front.

Not the best of form.

The correct method of dropping the pole into the water is illustrated in the first sketch, the bottom of it being kept close to the side of the punt and the pole kept absolutely perpendicular, or, if anything, pointing slightly forwards if the boat has any way on it, so that it will be perpendicular when you are ready to begin the stroke.

On no account should the pole point outwards or towards you if you want to go straight ahead.

It is by putting the pole in obliquely in this fashion that the steering should be effected. Let us suppose you are punting from the right. If the "nose" of the punt is to go to the right, you will require to push the stern slightly in the other direction, and therefore the pole must be put in slanting away from you, so that you push sideways as well as forward.

To go to the left, slant the pole the other way, and draw the stern towards it. Nothing but practice and experience, and a fearlessness of duckings—which will probably not come if you are prepared for them—will give perfect skill in the steering of a punt.

Until you have mastered the steering of a punt, however, by means of the same stroke that pushes her along, it will be useful to know how to steer her by using the pole as a rudder, which even the skilled punter must do when he wishes to turn the craft on its own axis.

The pole is simply extended at the stern so that about a foot of it is in the water, and is then swept round towards the direction in which you want the bows to travel.

The finish of the stroke.

If, for instance, the pole is brought round as in the second illustration behind the punter, the boat would travel to his left.

But to return to the forward stroke, the majority of the work is done by a vigorous push when the pole is at about the angle shown in the third sketch.

It is only when exceptionally fast punting is required, however, that an attitude such as that depicted need be assumed. It is a compromise between the old and new methods, and the feet are better kept together.

As the punt shoots past the, pole the body turns towards the stern, but the head still remains facing forward.

The pole is then brought up, hand over hand, to the perpendicular, and as it drops, the right hand is raised with a sweep so as to grasp the pole above the head and be ready to push as soon as it touches the bottom.

No other river sport can give such a fine variety of exercise as punting.

ALAN HAMER.

MEN'S HOBBIES.

HOW THEY PREVENT MENTAL AND PHYSICAL RUST.

Hobbies affect, and sometimes afflict, people in different ways. There is the postage stamp collector, who gloats over a faint smudge on a scrap of paper.

"That's a surcharged Trinidad; only three more in existence," he'll say. Somehow, the great news doesn't awe you as it should. He picks out another.

"See that spot? That spot makes this stamp worth £20!"

Your offer to put six more spots on at twopence a time meets with disfavour.

Your stamp collector deals in imaginary values, very often based on counterfeit stamps.

Then there is the man who wields the pen all day. He crouches over his desk, a picture of concentration.

Yet that man, who looks as though he's pining for the Sunday collection, is a bloodthirsty villain.

When he is apparently deeply involved in the big ledger, a cross section of his innermost thoughts is running on "counters" and "upper cuts." In his mind's eye there is a large hall, bright lights, and an eager crowd.

He pictures two well set-up lads—whose rippling muscles draw admiration from the expectant crowd, and whose skilful head and foot work sends glorious thrills through one—hard at it.

They are game lads, and our clerk in his heart is as game as any of them. The manly sport is his hobby, almost his life!

There is another man with a hobby of whom I know. He reminds me of the old war horse, lonely and forgotten.

He was in the Indian service; was virtual ruler over half a million people. His will was law.

One can see his past authority in his face, in his hardly resigned look; and one can sometimes feel his impatience—for he is a man, and longs to be "in it."

Here he is, finishing his life in quiet England. Here he lives, year after year, a perfect example of government efficiency in the art of kicking out a good man, with twenty years' good work in him, because his age doesn't conform with regulation No. ——.

Over there he handled a gun, and faced the fierce tiger without a tremor. He could tirelessly cover mile after mile, under the blazing Indian sun, following his favourite sport—pig sticking. The finest sport under the sun, they say, and none the less fine because dangerous.

Over here he is no society pet. He cannot afford good shooting. But he loves Nature. He studies all wild creatures. The villages rather scoff at him as he eagerly sets forth on the warm summer nights, a quiet, bronzed, wiry figure, accompanied by an equally bronzed, reticent man, whose military stride and military promptness show the soldier in him. They were master and servant in India. They are master and friend in England.

My tip to every fellow is: Have a hobby. Whether it is boxing, or shooting, or football, doesn't much matter, so long as it is a man's hobby, and something that will pull you out of your musty business shell.

Do not run away with the idea that a hobby must necessarily be some occupation that the world recognises as a "hobby."

You need not "go in" for anything definite if you prefer the easy-going rambling life. No camera, a bicycle, or fishing-rod, or other apparatus can supply a man with a life interest unless he has the germs—the capacity—within him.

If he will only trust to his own feelings, his own mental and physical trend, he will without fail hit upon the leisure-time occupation that will give him the most, and the most lasting pleasure.

P. HANSON.

MY NOTEBOOK.

A RAILWAY CONVERSATION.

I have frequently heard it said of a man that he was much too fond of argument to be pleasant. I know several people to whom this description may well be applied, but the truth concerning argument came to me only the other day while I was in the train.

Three men in golfing togs got into my carriage at a wayside station and began discussing Mr. Grahame-White's first attempted flight to Manchester, which had taken place that week-end. I may say that the day was Sunday, and on my lap was a copy of a Sunday newspaper which I had just finished with.

"It was pretty hard lines," said one of the men, "that he was not able to fly those last fifty-eight miles. He had to stop at Lichfield."

"You don't mean to say," said another of the party, "that Lichfield is only fifty-eight miles from Manchester? It's much more than that."

"Well," said the first, "that's what the paper I read gave it as."

Probably he had been reading the same paper that I had just finished with, for I recollected that fifty-eight was the number of miles given in the account I had been glancing at.

Then they went at it hammer and tongs, all the three of them. One was confident that fifty-eight was the right number of miles, another was equally certain that the distance was much greater, the third sometimes thought it was greater, and sometimes thought fifty-eight was right.

They kept at it for a solid half-hour, and towards the end of their argument they were almost rude to one another.

They appeared to know something of the North Country and argued by parallels. Chester was a certain number of miles from Manchester, and Lichfield must be more than that. As Chester is not in a line between Lichfield and Manchester, I scarcely saw the force of this argument.

The whole thing was very foolish, for the point at issue was one that could be settled at once by reference to a map. As a matter of fact, the paper had been guilty of a misprint, but it was not a thing worth arguing about. It was a mere detail, and not a matter on which the intellect could exercise itself with satisfaction.

ARGUMENTS—USEFUL AND OTHERWISE.

In that I think lies the gist of the use and abuse of argument. To argue over unimportant trifles is a sheer waste of time, but to argue concerning an aspect of character, a point of politics or commercial utility, is interesting and instructive to both sides, provided each is willing to admit the truth that sometimes reveals itself in the other party's view.

I know several men with whom it is an absolute pleasure to have this intelligent sort of argument. You make some sort of statement and your friend mildly suggests that you are not wholly correct in generalising, although you may be right in this particular instance. Then starts a discussion. It is an educative treat to both.

You state instances in support of your view, and you are the first to point out weak points in the very view you are supporting. You are not like counsel pleading before a judge, bringing up every point in favour of your side and concealing the points against you. You are simply seeking for truth, and the hunt for it is good for both of you, and infinitely stimulating.

The difference between intelligent argument and argument over footling trifles is immeasurable.

FOREIGN MISSIONS AGAIN.

A reader who resides in Gatooma, Rhodesia, sends me a very interesting commentary upon our recent article "The Fraud of Foreign Missions." He compliments me on having published it, and backs up every word we printed.

"Out here," he writes, "I have not heard a white man uphold them or speak a good word for them. I have had many mission-bred boys working for me, and can only say I would rather pay an out-and-out heathen a big wage than have a mission boy at a low one.

"One thing you did not mention with regard to the missionaries is the doctrine they preach that the black man is equal to a white and that they are brothers. In the Gospel you read of niggers being converted, but where can you find it written or suggested that they are our equals? With the enormous majority of the blacks in Africa [illegible] Rhodesia, I believe, it is about 2,000 to 1 [illegible] whites can hold the country only by impressing the natives with our superiority. This the missionaries are doing their best to destroy.

"What becomes of the pretty handkerchiefs, &c., which the Exeter Hall prophets send out? They are *sold* to the niggers, who admire the bright colours.

"An Angoni boy I once had, told me that things are made pretty rough for parents who do not send their children to the mission schools, so that out of fear these youngsters, who should be minding their father's herds, are handed over to work in the mission fields.

"It is quite a saying out here that a missionary's job is the best money-making concern in the country, and licks mining hollow."

I think this letter should be of considerable interest to some of those correspondents who have never been abroad in their lives, but who have written condemning me for having published the article to which I refer.

I shall be as happy as anyone to support foreign missions, both by the publicity I can give them and also financially, when they are run on different lines from those at present in vogue, and when we have no hungry and ill-clad children in our own country, and no grown-ups who have never learned the comforts of genuine religion. The black man may or may not be our brother and our neighbour, whom we ought to love; the white man most certainly is, and he deserves our first attention.

OTHER PEOPLE'S LETTERS.

It may be an element of curiosity that is innate within us, but, whatever the reason, we each of us take delight in reading other people's letters, provided, of course, that we may do so without detracting from our own self-respect.

The servant who, when reproved by her mistress for not hurrying into the morning-room with the post, protested that she had not yet had time to read all the post-cards, is a well-known example. The success of our "Brief Replies" column is another. There you find, not the letters of readers certainly, but replies thereto, and there is a pleasure in reading them because one can by imagination reconstruct the letters that brought them forth.

There is something of intense human interest about letters that were never intended for other eyes, and it is for this reason that I am presenting this week the first of a new series entitled "Letters to a Young Officer," which recently came into my possession.

The only alteration which I have made in connection with them has been to change the names of the people chiefly concerned. Apart from that the letters are printed precisely as they were written by an old Major-General to his nephew, who had just obtained a commission in the Army.

I do not for a moment suggest that there are many of our readers who are about to enter the Army and to whom these letters would be helpful in a practical manner. Practical and useful they undoubtedly are, but I am presenting them to your notice chiefly because of the sound commonsense and humanity that is in them, and, because, being genuine letters that were never intended for publication, they possess a special interest.

There are six of them altogether, and I commend the first to your attention.

YOUR EDITOR.

Westinghouse Building, Strand, W.C.

NEMESIS.

A SKETCH.

Derry sat gazing into the fire. His face showed that he was disturbed in spirit.

He did not hear the door open, and the woman who entered was struck by his abstraction. It was so unlike Derry to be moody. He was always too happy and healthy for that.

He roused himself and laughed.

"It's so much damned nonsense," he said aloud. "I don't believe a word of it. Our own case proves it untrue every time."

"What is it, dear?" she asked.

"Nothing worth mentioning—a trifle that I should never have heeded."

"Yes, but what is it?" she persisted.

For a moment he hesitated.

"All right, he said, "I'll let you see it. You'll laugh at it, as I do now."

He read from the paper: "There is no escaping the conclusion, confirmed and corroborated every day, that Nemesis always overtakes those who break the marriage vow. They may argue that they have done right and not wrong; they may delude themselves for a little space; but always the end of a sinful union is ruin."

He laughed and kissed him.

"Some highly moral croaker, Billy, I don't believe a word of it. Our union is as pure at heart as any union could be. It cannot end disappointing."

"Of course it cannot," he cried. But in his heart he was afraid.

* * * * * *

One day she came to him hesitatingly, and he wondered.

"You will not be angry, Billy," she pleaded.

"Angry," he said. "Have I ever been angry? What is it?"

"You have always said that it mattered nothing what people thought, but it matters now. Baby is coming and—and—you understand Billy?"

"Quite," he said. "You will have a wedding ring."

* * * * * *

She had it, and she was happy. People could not now point the finger of scorn at her.

They went and stayed among strangers—"Mr. and Mrs. Derry"—and she grew more beautiful every day. Her beauty deepened so that he looked at her with wonder.

Then one day she looked white and tired.

"It is nothing," she said in answer to his question.

But all his terror that he had fought down for weeks rushed again upon him. Was this Nemesis? He asked himself.

Next day she came to him, troubled.

"Billy," she said. "See that!" She removed her ring.

It had worn the skin off the middle finger, and the sore was festering.

"Good God!" he cried. "You must see to that at once! The wound is poisoned!"

"I'm not so anxious about wearing that ring now," she told him, and she tried to smile as of old.

* * * * * *

In the evening a doctor came.

He looked very grave after he turned away from the bedside.

"You'll be about in a day or two," he said cheerfully, but he was not so sure of that.

For two days Billy never stirred from her bedside. She lay there babbling of her love, and her baby, and of rings.

Then they led Billy away and covered her face.

"You must sleep," said the doctor. "You are utterly worn out."

"Yes, I shall sleep," said Billy quietly, and the doctor withdrew.

Billy stood for a minute, his eyes burning.

"Nemesis," he said, "Nemesis! So it was true."

Then he unlocked a drawer.

"I'm coming, little girl," he cried. A report rang through the house, and the end of that union also was ruin.

P. C. ANDREW.

SPORTING STORIES

THE BRUTE.

The owner of the car had engaged a new chauffeur, and he was giving him some advice.

The chauffeur, being diplomatic, was listening with all his ears.

The owner of the car, duly flattered by such attention, became confidential.

"I don't worry," he said, "about grown-up people, or cats, or dogs, or even children, but I do want you to be careful with babies."

"Yes," said the chauffeur. "I'm always very careful with babies. Their feeding bottles do cut up the tyres something awful."

SHE WANTED TO KNOW ALSO.

The lady was looking very doleful and sad, and her husband, the absent-minded Professor, looked at her compassionately.

"My dear," he said, "what is the matter?"

"You haven't kissed me for a whole week," she replied, "and it isn't fair."

The absent-minded Professor scratched his head in deep thought.

"Then, who the devil is it," he said, "that I've been kissing all this past week?"

A FRANK OPINION FREELY EXPRESSED.

The angler from the city had togged himself out both in the matter of clothes and apparatus in the very latest style. To look at him, you would have supposed that he had been studying a sporting outfitter's catalogue and had bought the shop.

Possibly he had.

Presently there came along the bank of the river a man with whiskers and a long shaven upper lip, and other things that made him look what he was, a water-bailiff.

The angler from the city was a little perturbed, but boldly he took the bull by the horns.

"Is this," he asked, "public water?"

"It is," replied the bailiff.

"And anyone can fish here?"

"Yes."

"Then," said the angler from the city, "it won't be any crime if I land a fish?"

The bailiff looked closely at his apparatus, and particularly at the bait he was using.

"No," he replied, "it won't be a crime. It will be a miracle."

FORETHOUGHT.

They met in the luxurious lounge of the Automobile Club.

Both were gloomy.

"This is a pretty kettle of fish," said the first motorist. "I see that in future they're going to arrest the owner of the car as well as the chauffeur, in all cases of exceeding the speed limit. What will poor old Scorehington do? His chauffeur's always getting into trouble."

"He's acted already," replied the other motorist. "He's put all his cars in his wife's name."

THE OLD ENGLISH SHEEPDOG.

HIS ORIGIN AND SAGACITY.

The "Old English Sheepdog" is, as his name implies, a shepherd's dog; but of late has been found useful for cattle-driving and for general work on a farm. English sheepdogs are generally born without tails; sometimes there is a short stump or "bob," a term used when this species of dog is discussed.

The short tail is supposed to be the result of a continual docking in the old Forest-law days of Britain, when all owners of dogs with long tails had to pay a heavy fine for a dog that was supposed to be fast enough to run down a hare or deer.

A dog's tail is sometimes known as his rudder; and if you watch a greyhound coursing, you will see that, when he wrenches or turns his game, he makes a great sweep with his tail, to steady himself as it were.

If you were to cut such a dog's tail, he would at once be handicapped. The farmer's dog was therefore docked to save the tax, probably to the benefit of the game preservers round about.

All shepherds acknowledge the sagacity of the Old English sheepdog. Many breeders of collies have been striving to produce dogs with long and narrow heads, but the breeders of "bobtails" still wish to keep the large, square, and capacious skull. They argue that such a skull is required on a dog, which is also essentially a help to man, in the fullest sense. The breeders of the English sheepdogs have kept away from the lurcher or greyhound head, having no wish to breed dogs with so shaped heads, and the majority of breeders have managed more or less to do so.

The old English sheepdog has a very thick coat; one that protects the dog from all sorts of weather. The outside coat is very thick and harsh; then there is a pile of wool next to the pelt. In England bobtail dogs do nearly all their work in a damp and cold climate. Sheep are generally penned on a turnip crop, which they eat off, and one can imagine the conditions in bad weather.

There are also rough and heavy sheepdogs, similar to the bobtail, to be found in other European countries, but most of these have very long tails. The English dogs are lighter in the colour of their blue and grey than the Continental sheepdog.

JAMES MEDWAY.

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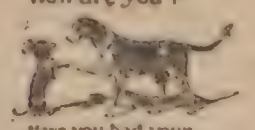

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KEEP ALL DOGS HEALTHY.

RAPID PHYSICAL DEVELOPMENT

A WEEKLY FEATURE.
Conducted by
F. G. MITCHELL, M.A.

STRENGTHENING THE TRUNK.

Numerous exercises, and very interesting ones, can be carried out in the position indicated by the sketch. Most of them are such as tend, incidentally, to the strengthening of the muscles and walls of the chest and belly, muscles which are too often left to take care of themselves.

Whatever exercise is being carried out when lying on the back, the muscles of the trunk are called upon to bear a constant strain.

Thus, the head cannot be raised without a pull on the whole trunk. Nor can the legs be moved without the effort being felt along the same line. And when raising the body, the strain is, of course, very great.

There are numerous fairly obvious and simple movements that can be done by legs and arms either in conjunction or worked alternately.

A position that is the basis for many exercises.

Lie flat on the floor at first, extending the body, legs, and arms to their utmost. Take several slow deep breaths and then go through your exercises; doing nothing with a jerk, but making the muscles do the work.

DAILY OPPORTUNITIES.

The ideal physical culture exercises are to many men those that can be incorporated, as it were, in their daily activities, rather than those that require a specific and separate performance. Both, one must admit, are absolutely necessary.

Every day provides a man with opportunities for exercises of the former sort. Indeed, some degree of physical training can be carried into every act. Even in lifting ledgers, or copying letters, or going upstairs and downstairs, to mention but two or three ordinary acts which many a man performs daily, there is room for consciously calling into play a number of muscles that need cultivation, and that answer readily to training.

Whatever a man may be doing he should always be able to use his opportunities to the best advantage of his physical frame, and the measure of his ingenuity is the only limit to the number of exercises he can perform.

THE LUNGE.

A good lunging exercise should never be omitted for long. Such an one as is here illustrated and described will always serve, but every physical-culture enthusiast will be able to invent more or less obvious variations for himself.

When systematically carried out, and persevered in, this lunge goes far to give the body a good balance, a fine poise, and a firm standing attitude.

Stand at attention. Breathe deeply, expanding the lungs and chest, and brace the entire frame. Now raise the arms with a smart swing. Bring them to the shoulder level, extend to the utmost shade of an inch on each side. Turn the palms of the hands downwards.

Expands the chest and develops the whole body.

Then, with an effort to retain entire control of the body's sway, lunge well out with one leg. Do not take such a stride as will prevent recovery with ease. The lunge should be repeated with the other leg until the exerciser is completely able to control every muscle even when one leg is fully extended.

When at the stride the thigh muscles should be thoroughly exercised by raising and lowering the body on one leg. If the muscles of the thighs are not in good trim they will soon cry out.

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HEALTH.

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Territorials, Tennis Players, Golfers, Cricketers, Hockey Players, Billiard Players, Riflemen, Cyclists, Footballers—

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NOTE.—All necessary apparatus supplied FREE OF CHARGE.

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Physical Culture Expert (Dept. M.M.),
The Broadway, Fulham, LONDON, S.W.

BODY-BENDING.

The valuable exercise of which the illustration may be described as the middle attitude is of the greatest assistance in keeping the trunk of the body in that supple and lithe condition that is the desire of every athlete.

The fewer encumbering clothes a man is wearing, the more completely can he carry out the exercise.

A stretching exercise.

Clasp the hands firmly behind the neck, taking a comfortable attitude with the body well braced up and the feet a little apart.

Slowly bend forward, keeping the hands locked. If the bend is accompanied by pain or stiffness, go back to the upright position and bend down again in stages in order to accommodate your muscles to the position you pass through.

However far down you get, keep the knees from bending, since the use of the exercise is to get the utmost suppleness into the trunk.

Go as far forward as you can, trying again and again to lower the head nearer to the ground.

Then, like a poplar tree on which the wind has ceased to blow, you straighten to the top position with a swing.

Now begin the backward bend. With the hands still locked, and the feet well planted, let the back bend slowly as far as you can maintain your balance.

At first this may not be far, but in time you will be able to reach a long way back and forward.

GIVING THE FEET A CHANCE.

If you will give the matter a thought you will realise the truth of the statement that the feet are physically and practically the basis of all development.

But how often the feet are sacrificed to fashion, or neglected! The physical culture enthusiast will be well advised to throw over all ideas of following fashion in the way of boots and shoes, and to go in for nothing that is in the least liable to cramp even one toe.

It is unfortunate that so many of us have had our feet partly spoiled by early habits of wearing so-called smart footwear that presses the toes together and otherwise impairs the symmetry of what should be one of the finest examples of Nature's ingenuity.

But Nature will recover itself if a chance is given, and with care the most distorted feet will regain their true proportions.

This is of the utmost necessity to physical culture; since with a bad foundation no perfectly satisfactory work can be done.

Every man should be able to stand on each foot equally well. He should be able to balance about on one naked foot without pain anywhere in the foot, and all his toes should help in the work of supporting the body instead of being cramped up into so much useless and often painful, flesh.

THE above is a reduced copy of our book cover—the book that is free for the asking and causing a sensation—describes the system that adds 50 per cent. to lifting and wrestling ability and muscular development—and the system that is cheap, pleasant, and certain, and the method infallible with the help of the world's leading athletes aided by the greatest authorities.

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The Horrible in Sport and Nature

A NEW ASPECT OF THE OPEN LIFE.

Practice is the sportsman's watchword in all the many branches of sport. Name any one of them you like, and ask yourself whether it would be anything but madness to hope to attain excellence at sport without long and very steady practice.

Of course it would not. No man was ever born a rider. He may be born with a love of horses and with the capacity for mental pleasure in what he supposes riding to be like, but until he has fallen off and bruised himself, until he has been jolted and strained and rubbed sore and pitched forward, until he has hung round the horse's head like a sentimental drunkard round a lamp post, he will never settle in the saddle and ride like the wind, or bring about that perfect understanding between himself and his horse, which is the higher joy of the rider.

And so with everything else that is worth the trouble. Whether it is cricket or shooting or fishing or the rest of the sportsman's occupations, it is the same. Without practice a man is incapable of attaining to any kind of excellence.

It is a great regret to sportsmen when they see fine material running to waste for lack of that little systematic training and practice that would so often make an average sportsman—speaking of actual indulgence in sports—into an extraordinarily good one, a follower into a leader.

THE TROUBLES OF THE BEGINNER.

The unpractised athlete knows the pains and penalties of slackness in this direction. He feels something like an ass when he flounders and makes endless mistakes. But it is the only road to first-class athleticism.

Now these feelings of awkwardness, of inability, of helplessness, and sometimes even of hopelessness, constitute for the sportsman a sort of horror, a vague sense of the deep tribulations through which he has to go, through which he must hack and hew his way before he can emerge into the serene sunlight of proficiency, fitness, and achievement.

It is a real horror to many a man when, perhaps a bit over-trained, perhaps overwrought with the desire to make headway, he thinks of the black period of muddle and mistake through which he must pass before he, too, has as good a seat as his friend, before he can cleave through the water with clean and cutting powerful strokes, before he can raise a gun with style and apparent ease, and bring down his birds dead as a doornail and not "browned" or cut up, or plucked in the process. These are, indeed, horrible experiences.

THE HORROR OF A BEATING.

And in just the same way the boxer "feels his position keenly," as the newspapers say of the man who has been found out. Have you never stood up to a man and found that every swift, well-timed blow of your own wastes its force aimlessly in the air, while your opponent's head has moved somewhere else as quick as lightning. And just when you are recovering and are about to try again, have you not reeled back with a sick horror in your heart as, from some unexpected quarter of the ring, you are shaken out of your skin by a darkening, bewildering reply. It is sheer horror.

But no man gives up his sport because the road to excellence is a rough and tiresome one.

There is this black period also in the open-air man's life. Just as if it is impossible to take a horse for the first time and know all its moods, or to plunge into water and become a swimmer on the spot, so it is impossible to realise, and feel comfortable with, the wild and the lonely in Nature without practice.

The repulsion that Nature seems to show to a man, who for the first time comes into contact with her, is perhaps greater than anything of the kind felt by the active sportsman. The grandeur, the infinite variety of appeal, and the majesty of Nature will give a man many a "turn" before he gets into the right frame of mind, and can breathe the atmosphere of the wild.

One of the most terrifying experiences a man can undergo is to find himself for the first time alone in a wood.

AN UNSEEN POWER.

He turns about him with horror, wondering what can be the nature of this secret strong influence that the wood exercises over him. He thought he would walk into the heart of Nature and enjoy without an effort.

But he is mistaken. He has not yet got into harmony with his surroundings.

In the end he will win if he lies open to all the impressions that come to him. But at the outset there is no sport that needs such careful cultivation as the sport of the open life. Whenever I hear a man say that the country is "dull," I know that he has had a taste of the horror of the wood and the plain, and that by choice or force he has been unable to gain "more love and knowledge" of Nature.

C. EASTON GREY.

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T. S.'s Account.

Cheques		£	s.	d.
16559	...	14	10	0
16573	...	10	10	0
16755	...	27	0	6
16859	...	26	5	0
16943	...	24	5	3
17010	...	14	10	0
17135	...	21	10	0
17162	...	19	0	0
17551	...	18	5	0
17610	...	11	5	0
17662	...	15	5	6
18030	...	5	0	0
18188	...	6	10	0
Total		£213	15	9

Mrs. S. T.'s Account.

Cheques		£	s.	d.
16728	...	59	5	0
16939	...	33	15	0
16999	...	43	2	6
17323	...	48	0	0
17587	...	45	10	0
17671	...	31	10	0
17883	...	34	10	0
18238	...	99	0	0
18319	...	36	0	0
18400	...	87	0	0
18460	...	15	0	0
18480	...	16	10	0
18570	...	44	5	0
18815	...	45	0	0
18990	...	19	10	0
18387	...	74	9	1
Total		£732	6	7

W. W.'s Account.

Cheques		£	s.	d.
17221	...	8	10	0
17376	...	12	0	0
17394	...	8	15	0
17459	...	12	0	0
17549	...	8	0	0
17814	...	40	0	0
17947	...	40	0	0
18042	...	8	0	3
18164	...	10	15	0
18295	...	165	16	3
18359	...	164	17	3
18525	...	81	19	4
18736	...	192	6	0
18923	...	28	1	3
18984	...	192	11	0
Total		£973	11	4

T. J. B.'s Account.

Cheques		£	s.	d.
16711	...	18	2	6
16792	...	16	5	0
16995	...	16	0	0
17332	...	12	0	0
17565	...	12	0	0
17643	...	12	0	0
17697	...	12	0	0
17830	...	24	0	0
18321	...	20	0	0
18450	...	37	10	0
18488	...	20	0	0
18551	...	20	0	0
18595	...	15	0	0
18665	...	20	0	0
18748	...	35	0	0
18992	...	20	0	0
19016	...	20	0	0
Car. for.		£329	17	6

Cheques		£	s.	d.
Bt. for.		329	17	6
19074	...	40	0	0
19305	...	11	0	0
Total		£380	17	6

Col. B.'s Account.

16563	...	43	10	0
16793	...	33	0	0
17033	...	20	0	0
17133	...	22	0	0
17238	...	25	0	0
17259	...	6	0	0
17417	...	12	0	0
18769	...	12	0	0
19036	...	12	0	0
19282	...	6	0	0
Total		£191	10	0

Mrs. H. C.'s Account.

Cheques		£	s.	d.
16918	...	46	13	0
17227	...	22	15	0
17486	...	12	0	0
17759	...	30	0	0
17908	...	56	0	0
18915	...	20	12	6
Total		£188	0	6

E. W. D.'s Account.

17260	...	28	15	0
17420	...	18	7	0
17715	...	18	15	0
17911	...	10	0	0
Total		£75	17	6

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BUSINESS IS BUSINESS

MAKING A RESERVE.

This week I propose to deal with a subject that appeals not only to the man who is running a business but also to the employee and even to a man in his private life apart altogether from business. I shall deal with the matter of building up a reserve fund.

The existence of such a fund is absolutely necessary to a business man on his own account, for it is suicidal for him to permit himself to get into a position that may be described as hand-to-mouth. Right for funds he certainly may be, and such a condition is very prevalent in the world of commerce to-day, but he must always see his way out of difficulties, and must have in the background a reserve fund to meet an emergency.

In private life it is just as necessary for a man to have a reserve fund. He may be overtaken by illness, or he may lose his employment, or he may be offered an opportunity to become his own master that only the possession of such a fund can enable him to take advantage of.

I do not propose to deal further with the advisability of having a reserve fund, but to discuss the best methods of acquiring one.

Let us deal with the business man first. I take it that he invariably keeps accurate and detailed accounts, for without them he is like a ship without a rudder. Let him investigate the various items and see where he can cut down expense without incurring loss. He will discover several such items. There is the weekly expenditure that you decided upon six months ago under certain circumstances, but the purpose to which that expenditure was to be devoted has now practically ceased to exist, and this item—it may only be ten shillings a week—can be struck off. In such things as stationery you will be able to save money by inviting estimates from several new firms instead of blindly following the custom you have been pursuing of sticking to one.

I am not dealing with any individual business; but, above all things, there is the possibility of economising in the commodity with which you chiefly deal. Satisfied, as you may be with the firms from whom you are now buying, you will, nevertheless, be able to buy still more cheaply from others, and you will not take the trouble of discovering them.

It is by economising judiciously that a reserve fund should be built up.

In private life, practically the same principle holds good. Save on points where you will lose nothing by doing so. Everything, of course, depends on your own individual circumstances, but your chief expense is board and lodging, and often you can save money without sacrificing comfort by looking around for cheaper and as good quarters.

In the minor pleasures of life, also, economy can be effected. You see the same play from the gallery of a theatre as you do from the stalls, and the only difference is that you attend the one seat in a lounge suit while you don evening dress for the other.

It is not necessary for me to go further in this matter. Having once set your mind to work on the subject, I may safely leave you to devise further ways and means for yourself.

R. A. MACNAUGHTEN.

FINANCE.

(In this column we place at the service of our readers the advice of our Financial Editor. It must be strictly understood, however, that we accept no responsibility for any opinions he may express. —EDITOR.)

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

My advice is regularly asked by correspondents respecting their holdings, and whether they should hold on or sell, but many overlook giving me the necessary information as to the price at which they bought.

How can I advise in these circumstances? I hope correspondents will bear this in mind in future.

RUBBER SHARES.

Rubber is still King, but I notice that one daily paper—having apparently concluded that there is not much to come in the shape of prospectus advertisements—has suddenly discovered that its readers ought to be warned of the over capitalisation of many companies, and the danger of the position for investors in the future. They will now be able to say: "We told you so."

Still, it is absurd to expect anything else. Investors — and speculators — must remember that special settlements are coming, when we shall see the big premiums, at which shares are quoted, disappear, or nearly disappear.

VALLAMBROSAS.—A. H. (Petersfield). — I think Vallambrosas are good to hold for a better price, but the point is, what did you buy them at? If you are considering whether to sell—if it will pay you to sell, why not sell?

MOLESWORTH RUBBERS AND VAAL RIVER GOLDFIELDS.—C. G. (Astley Bridge).—As regards Molesworth Rubber, I think they are good for a rise. They are about 1s. 6d. premium now, but if you buy, take them off the market. As regards Vaal River Goldfields, these are highly speculative shares, and "the shop" controlling them put them up and down in price almost at will. Still, you have got in at bedrock price 1s. 10d., and they will not permit them to go any lower, though they may fall a trifle; I think the next movement will be to put them up. As a matter of fact, I have been thinking of buying some myself at this price in view of these circumstances. You cannot go wrong. You must not, however, confuse these with the well-known Vaal Rivers. The price should be an indication to you that the shares are not worth anything, and that any deal in them must be on the basis of sheer speculation.

VALLAMBROSAS—G. A. H. (Ystalyfera).—Vallambrosas were formerly quoted in shillings, but since they have risen considerably in price they have been quoted in pounds. That is the meaning of the quotation 3⅛.

PRINCE OF WALES ORD. (£5), SOUTHPORT. — F. W. G. (Stoke-on-Trent). — There is no free market in the shares, so far as I can learn, and you would be much safer in asking your broker to get you a price for them. Personally, I think such shares will depreciate in value, and in asking my advice whether you should sell, a lot depends on what you bought at, and that you do not say.

ST. CECILE CASINO CO.—A. L. S. (Victoria Embankment).—I do not doubt that the concern whose share warrant you send me, and which I return, is a genuine one, but I do not recommend it as an investment.

GEOGRAPHICAL DISTRIBUTION. — C. J. (South Norwood).—Regret I cannot comply with your request. Pressure of business will hardly permit me to assume the responsibility—which I should most certainly feel—of drawing up two elaborate schemes for an investment of £10,000 on the method you state. It is quite a good principle of investment in the sense that one has not all one's eggs in one basket, and that depressing influences in one market cannot affect the other.

THE FINANCIAL EDITOR.

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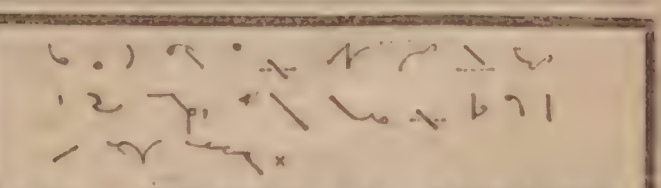

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Tom Burgess, Horseman

OUR NEW SERIES OF STORIES, EACH OF WHICH IS COMPLETE.

By J. F. JAMESON.

X.

THE DEVIL'S DRIVE.

I.

The door of the sand-floored bar of the "Waggon and Horses" was open—and it was at the direction of Mr. John King, the landlord, that Tom Burgess, his henchman, opened both the many-paned mullioned windows.

That little red-bricked, spotless room was the coolest in the house. The gentlemen of the road—commercial travellers—who were making the hostelry their headquarters, had forsaken the new smoke-room and its saddlebag lounges for the wooden benches of the yokel's pleasance. Dusk was falling on the parched white road outside, and up wind some belated bee droned. . . .

"Uncommon warm to-night," said John King. He had divested himself even to his bottle-green waistcoat, and stood, his hands thrust into his breeches pockets, surveying the airless world around.

Outside, a powdered trap drew up, the wheels and the axle covered in dust. It was one of John King's traps, such as he let out to "commercials" who could drive.

"A pint of beer, for the love of heaven, landlord," said the man. "I'm nearly choked. . . . This morning? Oh, it was as hot as Hades on the Devil's Causeway—the sun fairly smiting down on that road. Not a tree or a hedge for miles, either. Lord, you'd have thought there was some truth in the story. Phew! Catch hold of these reins, young man."

The traveller dismounted, and Burgess took charge of the horse and trap.

It was not until some little time later that Burgess returned, to find the lamps primed and the travellers still smoking philosophically.

A mellow moon hung low down in the sky, just above the brambled hedge opposite the open door.

"Have a tankard of beer, young man," said the traveller. "And wish me luck. I need it."

"Bad day, Mr. Argrave?" asked John King.

Most days, according to commercial travellers, are bad.

"No, middlin'," said the commercial—a superlative phrase. "But my luck to-morrow won't be worth the hire of your trap. Mark my words——"

"Don't see how you can know that," said Burgess, nose deep in a tankard.

"I forgot to drive round the Old Man's Gibbet—at the end of the Causeway," said Mr. Argrave, heavily. "I was reckonin' up my orders and the commission in my head, you see. . . . Clean slipped my memory. Twenty years I've driven on this road, landlord, as you know, and never once missed doing the regulation tour round the Old Man's Gibbet, goin' and returnin'!"

"If you're so superstitious as all that, you'd better drive back and do it," Burgess suggested.

Another gentleman of the road awoke from seeming slumber.

"At night?" said he derisively.

"How long have you been in these parts, young man? Landlord, you've neglected his education, surely?"

Mr. John King took a long pull at his churchwarden pipe.

"Outside," said he, "there's the hedge, same as it used to be. In the corner, there, old Gaffer Green sits and nods—same as he always has. But when the wind's this way what is it we hear, Gaffer?"

Gaffer Green turned his wizened face to the assembly.

"John," said he, "when the wind's this way, there's a rumble-rumblin'——"

"Trains, engines," said Mr. John King. "*They* ain't the same as the old order. So you see, sir, these new times don't countenance the old superstitions. I don't lay myself out to be laughed at by the young 'uns. I say nothing. Youth always learns, you see. Oh, yes—always learns. . . . And 'side, there's motor-cars. Listen!"

From the hazy dark there came the luxurious *crescendo* hum of a good car, and the four far-flung notes of the latest thing in horns. . . . Then outside there was an "a-retch," a muttered imprecation, and the aching throb of an engine stopped short in full running.

John King laughed.

"But the horse gets the better o' these new-fangled things sometimes! Burgess—go and see if you can assist the gentleman."

Burgess walked into the glare of a hooded search-light beam.

"Anything I can do, sir?" he called out cheerily. A begoggled man was bending over a front wheel, saying unkind things aloud of the manufacturer of tyres.

"Not unless you're a magician." The tone was very bitter.

"I'm a stableman, 'ostler, groom—what you like—of the 'Waggon and Horses,'" said Burgess, sweetly. "Perhaps a horse——"

It was nice to get one in against the drivers of cars sometimes.

"Let's see, this is old John King's, isn't it? Glad the tyre didn't burst before, anyhow. Yes, I want a horse and trap. Must have one, in fact. I shall have to garage this car in your yard until to-morrow. *King!*"

The landlord, desisting from his occupation of watching events from the door, came forward, still smoking.

"Can you do me a gig and a horse that can step it out a bit——"

"We can, sir. My man here will drive you."

"Right! Well, get the horse in at once, young man. I must be in Leicester in half an hour from now—" the motorist took out his watch—"so there's no time to spare. We must go direct—by the Devil's Causeway."

A quarter of an hour later Burgess was driving over the Devil's Causeway, Leicesterwards. As in a flash they passed the ancient gibbet that stands where the road [illegible] in between foliaged hedges again.

"My boy," said the erstwhile motorist, surprised accents, "you're the first sen[illegible] horseman I've met in all Leicestershire. W[illegible] I've never known a man that handled re[illegible] who would omit to drive round that Gib[illegible] at night for love or money.

"Why?" asked Burgess.

"Because—it's the Devil, they say, [illegible] drives the disrespectful beggars home!" [illegible] the motorist, chuckling.

And the lights of Leicester—its tall s[illegible] silhouetted against the starlit sky—were [illegible] ing now.

II.

That motorist was hospitality itself to [illegible] Burgess.

In the best style Burgess brought him [illegible] smartly in front of a house in the Stone[illegible] gate district, which was beyond the dre[illegible] of avarice. The motorist, further, treated [illegible] as a man and a brother, and finally h[illegible] him over to the charge of the butler, w[illegible] behaved to him as one of his own calli[illegible] volumes cannot say more.

Therefore, it was in the most cheerfu[illegible] spirits that Burgess finally mounted the [illegible] ver's seat, grasped the ribbons cl[illegible]ically, [illegible] with the slightest flick of the thong, d[illegible] out of the drive-gate.

He waved the retainers a cheery fa[illegible]

"You drive back by the New Road," [illegible] the much-whiskered butler, "nothing [illegible] on the New Road."

Burgess laughed.

"Not afraid of the Devil himself!" [illegible] called out gaily.

Whistling a swinging refrain, he d[illegible] through the town, past the Clock T[illegible] where stone earls of Leicester watch [illegible] philanderers, and thus, by the Melton [illegible] on towards home and "The Waggon [illegible] Horses." The moon that had risen [illegible] threw the hedges into silhouette, and [illegible] up the way beyond, a white ribbon wind[illegible] into the black.

"Cheer up, m' beauty," he called se[illegible] to the horse. "Cheer up!"

The chestnut, Smallmouth, was taking [illegible] gig along at a jog-trot.

Everything seemed to call for in[illegible] Only occasionally a waft of hot air, as [illegible] still night breathed in its sleep, caught [illegible] gess's face. He sat back and let the [illegible] lie loosely upon the chestnut's back. At [illegible] other time Smallmouth would have p[illegible] forward, but the breathless atmosphere [illegible] the slight gradient called for no such [illegible] tion. Also they had had a sharp spell [illegible] Leicesterwards. They came to the turn w[illegible] the "New" Road leads by devious [illegible] to the "Waggon and Horses" by M[illegible] Malbury.

Burgess did not pause.

"Hang the Old Gentleman," said he, [illegible] drove on.

Out of the screening shade of the hed[illegible] they slid downhill into the moon-[illegible] furze-bristled Common, through which [illegible] the Devil's Causeway.

In front of Burgess, the ancient [illegible] showed clear under the moon's rays, s[illegible] in a grass-carpeted island surrounded by [illegible] loop in the road. Burgess took the left of [illegible] loop as decreed by the rule of the road; [illegible] he did not do that which any true-bred [illegible] cestershire man would have done. . . . [illegible] did not make the complete circle of the [illegible] and then take his way. Whistling stil[illegible] kept the straight course over the wh[illegible] threaded common.

Only the sound of his wheels, [illegible] lazy jog of Smallmouth's measured [illegible] broke the stillness. Bright as day, [illegible] lit up the weird deserted common, [illegible] even the black dot of a distant m[illegible] showed on the Devil's Causeway.

Then, it came like a sigh, the

breathed lightly and freshly over the plain. Smallmouth stopped short and pricked up his ears.

"Go on, old boy," said Burgess. "Go on——"

"A moment, sir! A moment, sir!" A dark come figure appeared suddenly at the horse's head. "If you would give a stranger a lift on his way, he would be obliged to you. The night is too warm for walking. . . . Thank you, young sir. Thank you. I am very old—*very* old."

Before Burgess had actually said anything he found the stranger was up on the seat beside him. Smallmouth ambled on again.

"Oh, yes, very old," said the old gentleman. He wore a broad-brimmed hat and a black, caped coat. "Old as the world and the flesh—and the devil, you know."

He chuckled.

Burgess darted a look at him under his hat. The eyes that met his were steely, not pleasant things to regard beneath the baleful glow of the moon. The dress, however, reassured him.

"You're wrong," said the old gentleman, suddenly. "I'm not a parson."

"I didn't say you were," said Burgess.

"You thought it," said the stranger.

"You're quite correct," said Burgess. "But—pardon me, sir—I should say that a night like this is too warm for that cloak——"

"Often I appear to the world in this attire," said he, vaguely.

The old gentleman laughed drily again. "Ah, but I'm very old—very old," he added.

They jogged on in silence. Over to the west sheet-lightning winked beyond the sea of gorse, paling the moon.

"Storm brewing up," said Burgess.

"Yes—drive. Drive fast!" said the old man, leaning forward.

"I don't mind a little wetting," said Burgess. "The horse is done up. He's been a long way."

"This way—before!" said the stranger, triumphantly.

"How did you know that?" asked Burgess, sharply.

"Ah—I am very old," said the stranger.

Burgess was beginning to feel uncomfortable.

"Look here," said he, "what the devil do you mean by—good heavens!"

A blinding zig-zag streak of multi-coloured fire lit up the common and the Devil's Causeway.

"Drive!" said the old man, tersely. "Drive. I tell you—you fool that calls on the Devil and the heavens in one breath—drive!"

"What the dev—why?" asked Burgess. "Surely this is not your trap. Sir, it is for me to drive fast or slow as I wish. But for me you would have been soaking two miles from anywhere. . . . *Now*—we shall be at the Inn in ten minutes, at *this* pace."

"Needs must," the old gentleman broke in chuckling. "Needs must, you know."

It was done in an instant. Burgess felt his knuckles torn asunder and the reins clutched from them. He looked.

His passenger had already grasped the whip and was sending the thong singing over the chestnut's back."

"Needs must!" screamed the stranger, standing up and lashing the chestnut furiously. "Needs must—when the Devil drives."

* * * * * * *

Then—it was Roy MacClure, musician, whose familiar voice next broke on his ears.

"Lucky I waited up for you, lad," the fiddler shouted in the dark. He was still panting. "Just—managed—clutch his head!" he gasped.

Burgess rubbed his eyes. The reins were tightly held in his fingers.

"By George," said he, admiringly. "I never thought you could have stopped the horse, MacClure. Thought it was, well, beyond you."

"Needs must," said the fiddler, sententiously, "when the Devil drives."

"The Devil?" said Burgess. "I believe you're not far wrong."

"A madman's just about as dangerous anyhow," replied the musician, "but, Devil or not, we must get him out of the rain. They've had a search party from the asylum scouring the country for him this last week, and two of them are inside the inn now. We'll hand him over."

[*Another of these stories will appear next week.*—EDITOR.]

THE SPORTING TIMES

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To which address application for free patterns should also be made.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF DAGMAR

A CHARACTER SKETCH FROM LIFE.

I have never met a man who swanked so much. When I knew him first I was chief of five sub-editors on a weekly paper. He was turned over to me one morning by the editor, who disappeared with suspicious haste directly he had introduced Dagmar.

"Mr. Dagmar will take orders from you," said the editor. "He can either be given a certain amount of work of his own weekly, or he can assist you all in turn when necessary. As you please; I'm busy."

He bustled off, and I wondered. That was not his way.

I turned to Dagmar.

"You have sub-edited before, I hope?"

He stood on a wider base at once.

"My dear boy," he said; "I've been through the mill. I know all about sub-editing. I remember when I was chief on the 'Birmingham ——'" and so on for a couple of minutes.

I gave him some work and went in to the editor.

"Where did you pick it up?" I asked.

"Me! Me!! Good God! if I had picked up that I should have dropped it instantly it spoke."

"Then, how on earth——?"

"Came in to see the Governor and yarned, and yarned. Told him that he was desperate, but if he were given a chance he could do things, and all the rest of it. . . . He's here, on trial, to do them."

"If I'm to suffer this, you'll want another chief sub-editor in a week or two."

"You'll leave—hey?"

"No, I'll drop dead."

I opened the door quietly. We heard Dagmar's voice:

"I remember when I was private secretary to the Bishop of——"

I shut the door again.

"You are sure you couldn't do with an assistant?" I suggested. "Your work here is——"

"If you suggest that, I'll brain you," he said, so I went to the door and opened it again.

"I tell you it was simply *wonderful*," Dagmar was saying.

I looked at the editor and he laughed wickedly.

"Be sure you close the door," he said.

There was murder in the eyes of the other subs. I pulled Dagmar up in the middle of "the most *wonderful* thing in my career."

"There's that murder of Colonel Grant, last week, Dagmar," said I. "Police at a loss; no clue; work up a column and a half article, would you? 'Unsolved Crimes'; plenty of material in the cupboard there, under 'C.' Manage it?"

He sprang from his chair and waved his arms.

"Isn't it funny," he said; "that was just what I was going to suggest? Isn't it funny? I remember when I was editing——"

He had cooled down and had decided to resume his seat. But old Maxwell had removed his chair, so he sat down on the floor.

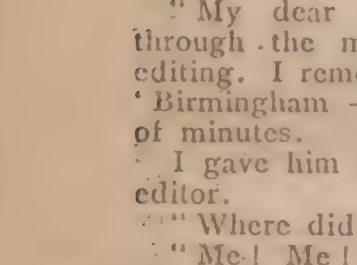
"My joke," said Maxwell. "The fact is we have very little to do here—but don't give it away—and we play little jokes on each other."

The sarcasm hit him squarely in the eye, but he never blinked.

"Oh, I know," he said. "Trust me to know the game. What? I remember when—now this is a funny thing. You never heard anything like it——"

"You'll get these facts in the cupboard," said I.

"All right; I'll tell you that some other



time. I simply *must* tell you. It's so *wonderful*. You never heard anything like it."

We were all busy.

* * * * * * *

I had taken some work home with me in the evening, and I was busy, when someone tapped at the door.

Then a head appeared. Dagmar's head. His body followed.

"May I come in?" he asked. I said he might. He was in anyhow.

"Just discovered I'm staying in the same diggings as yourself," he said. "Now, isn't that funny? So I thought I'd drop in for a bit. You don't mind? Take my advice, and drop working, old man. You'll pay for it later. I remember when——" He was off.

I sat opposite and studied him. He was a new type to me. He talked against time. Thus:

. . . "Of course, I can write very well, but I prefer to dictate. It comes so easily to me. Now, there's a funny thing. Would you believe it, I found out quite by accident that I could dictate. It was when I was chief on —— ——. Oh, I can write quite a decent story, but I prefer to do stage work. There's a little thing of mine that Mr. —— has on hand just now. He's going to put it on very shortly. Care to hear the outline of it? It is very clever; neat, you know; none of your ordinary truck. A curtain-raiser, but good stuff."

I had to hear it through; thirty-three minutes wasted.

. . . "But wait till my musical comedy comes along. Ah, my boy! . . . No, it's not *quite* finished, but wait till it is. Listen!"

I had to listen again for over an hour. Then he started to go. But he "remembered" something "funny," and stayed for a bit longer.

I worked till two in the morning to make up the lost ground.

* * * * * * *

We suffered him for a week. Then he received a letter, and some money.

"Isn't it monstrous?" he asked me, "I was engaged for a month's trial."

"You've got a month's salary," I told him.

"But I want the work. I don't care a curse for the money. I want to prove what I can do—to make this paper sit up."

"You've made us sit up," said I.

"Of course I have. You fellows are mentally muscle-bound. Now, I remember——"

We got rid of him at last. We heard later that he had met one of the directors in a tram and had struck up an acquaintance at once. He was fool enough to tell a perfect stranger that "these people sent for me. Between ourselves, the paper was losing ground, but I'll put it right. I remember when——"

* * * * * * *

I did not see him for nearly two years. Then I ran against him while I was on a day. He had just been thrown off. It was simply monstrous. He had worked up paper and ——. Shameful, simply shame

But there was his musical comedy. It nearly completed. It was screamingly fu In the second act he had a frog, my bo frog. The 'cutest thing you ever saw. it was perfect amazing how one got ideas. He got this from seeing a jump when a frog jumped. Wasn't it derful how these glorious ideas struck Wasn't it? . . . It would simply them *scream*. Scream wasn't the word it! . . . And could I lend him ten shil When his comedy came out, my boy so on.

* * * * * * *

I met him two days ago. He is doing and he has toned down very considera We chatted quite soberly.

"There's one thing," he said, when we parting; "there's one thing I'd like to Why didn't you punch my head in the days?"

I stared my surprise.

"I know," he said, quietly. "And bounder; an insufferable bounder. And body told me so plainly two years ag was a true friend. By the way, I owe half a sovereign. . . . And write up story, will you; but disguise it a bit. It strike home to someone." P. C. A.

THE SPORTING REPORTER.

One sometimes hears men say "I'd ten years off my life to be a sporting porter!" But oh! if they only knew unfortunate being's duties. His work is over. If he is not dancing attendance some big professional fighting man or wre he is cooped up in a box, which is a veri death-trap of draughts, on a wind-swept course, or almost equally exposed field. He takes no interest in the gam contest that he is reporting, for he has so many of them; and besides, the wor noting and describing the chief happenin feverish speed spoils all his pleasure. his pay compares favourably with few professions.

The only bright ray that enters into gloomy life is when he is "tipping winne in horse races. Then, as is the custom most sporting papers he is granted "one to half a crown" on every winner he and consequently he does his best, himself and the sporting public.

AN UP-RIVER PICNIC.

There is no more enjoyable way of spending sunny summer's day for a party of men than picnic on the upper reaches of a river. Say there are four or six of you, the cost will insignificant.

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Then, with some tea, a few cups, a kettle, spirit-lamp, you have all that is required highly successful outing.

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BRIEF REPLIES.

[Under this heading we endeavour to answer all inquiries of general interest. No fee whatsoever is accepted. Where a prompt reply is required a stamped addressed envelope should be enclosed.]

T. H. M. (Llanfairfechan). — You could not become a qualified solicitor from book-study alone. You must be articled.

C. R. (Dartford).—Don't patronise the firm you name. The old-established companies are much more safe, and their terms are no higher.

Rev. E. T. K. (Manchester).—Shall be glad to hear what you think of the Rhodesian reader's letter quoted in the Notebook. Ever been abroad yourself?

S. S. (Plymouth).—No paper can be relied upon for its racing tips. Better get one of the London evening papers which quotes what the others say.

T. E. F. D. (Toronto).—Any newsagent in Toronto will get THE MODERN MAN for you if you place your order with him. Our subscription rates to Canada for a year are 6s. 7d., which is less than to any address in Britain. This is owing to the special Canadian postage.

G. A. (Charmouth).—In taking up photography you had better start with a cheap camera. Your loss then will not be great if you chuck the hobby, and that is always possible. Get a high-grade camera later if you really like photography.

T. K. (Comrie).—Walter Bull has no prejudice against Scotchmen. He, like ourselves, believes them to be capital sportsmen.

J. L. (Merton).—With the £3 weekly which you can command, you would probably be more comfortable with two, or perhaps three rooms, than with a flat. In rooms you can get attendance from the landlady, but in a flat you must provide your own, and to a man, this is an infernal nuisance and expense.

M. E. G. (Braintree).—Don't be an ass. You are only run down. Eat and drink and get as much fresh air as possible and you will have no more doleful thoughts. Live in the country and get out your bicycle at once. Summer is slipping along. Write to me in three months.

A. R. T. (Fleetwood).—Text books on military sketching are published by Messrs. Gale and Polden, Aldershot. The books are cheap and good.

E. P. (Birkenhead).—If you are increasing in weight you should take greater care of your physical condition. See that a fair proportion of the added tissue is converted into useful muscle. Follow our physical development page.

P. W. M. (Horsham).—Following, as cyclists are nowadays obliged to, in the wake of motor-cars, they are more than ever liable to dust nuisances. I find that keeping the hair short and a weekly shampoo are the best means of meeting the difficulty you name.

H. J. B. (Bermondsey).—Unless the spectator is an intimate friend of your own and of your opponent at billiards, it would be bad form on his part to stand by and criticise. The market should be put on to him.

G. A. (Swansea).—Better go fishing! Of two evils choose the one you like best.

H. H. (Filey).—Leggings give a braced-up feeling to the cyclist as well as to the walker, but for really long rides or walks they are too hot, tight, and heavy. In any case you can't help getting dusty.

J. R. F. (Burnley).—However exasperatingly irritating the man may have been—and we can quite believe that he was—it is in every way stupid and worse to go for a man who is half-intoxicated.

W. B. T. (Launceston).—No man can go far wrong if he avoids scent and jewellery. Much of either is apt to give an impression of effeminacy, and usually a correct impression.

T. E. P. (Holloway Road, N.).—More than half the failures result from attempting to shine the boots before every spot of mud has been removed.

M. B. (Malmesbury).—The man who wants to sell you his gun cannot object to having it overhauled and reported on by a good gunsmith. If he does, do not buy it. You have every right to ask thsi.

F. G. (Brighton).—Do not shave at night. For some physiological or other reason the skin is more tender then than in the morning, and will more easily become raw.

D. M. (Hastings).—The fact that we do not bind and issue THE MODERN MAN in volumes should make you doubly careful to see that your own file is complete.

A. G. F. (Edenbridge).—Make a poker red hot; then hold it near the splashes of candle grease, but not so near that the cloth is singed. The grease will melt and evaporate. Scraping the grease with a knife makes matters worse.

F. HODSON, 77, Canonbury Road, London, N., wants to meet a sporting pal. He is a Lancashire man.

H. S. O. (Belfast), **J. D. C.** (Leeds), **I. M.** (Cheetham Hill), **J. W. B.** (Sheffield), **J. F. R.** (Swadlincote), **F. C.** (Banff), **J. H. J.** (Maesycrugiau), **R. C.** (Belfast), **J. C. D.** (Abercynon).—Salaams to you!

TRAVELLING TIPS.

"Wh-i-r-r-r!" goes the guard's whistle, there is a final waving of caps and handkerchiefs, shouts of "Remember me to So-and-so . . . ." and the train steams out of the station on its long journey to the north. You tuck your travelling rug under you cosily, and prepare yourself for the boresome period of enforced inactivity.

If you are wise, you will avoid the corner seat near the window, and choose one in the middle of the carriage. In an express train, the wind rushes in very hard through the chinks in the doors, and anybody who sits in the draught is a candidate for an attack of earache.

If you contemplate a nap, be careful to wrap yourself up more warmly than you were before, because the temperature of the body is always lowered in sleep. And if you have the compartment to yourself, it is better to lie along the seat rather than with your feet on the cushion opposite, as in this way you are less liable to cramp.

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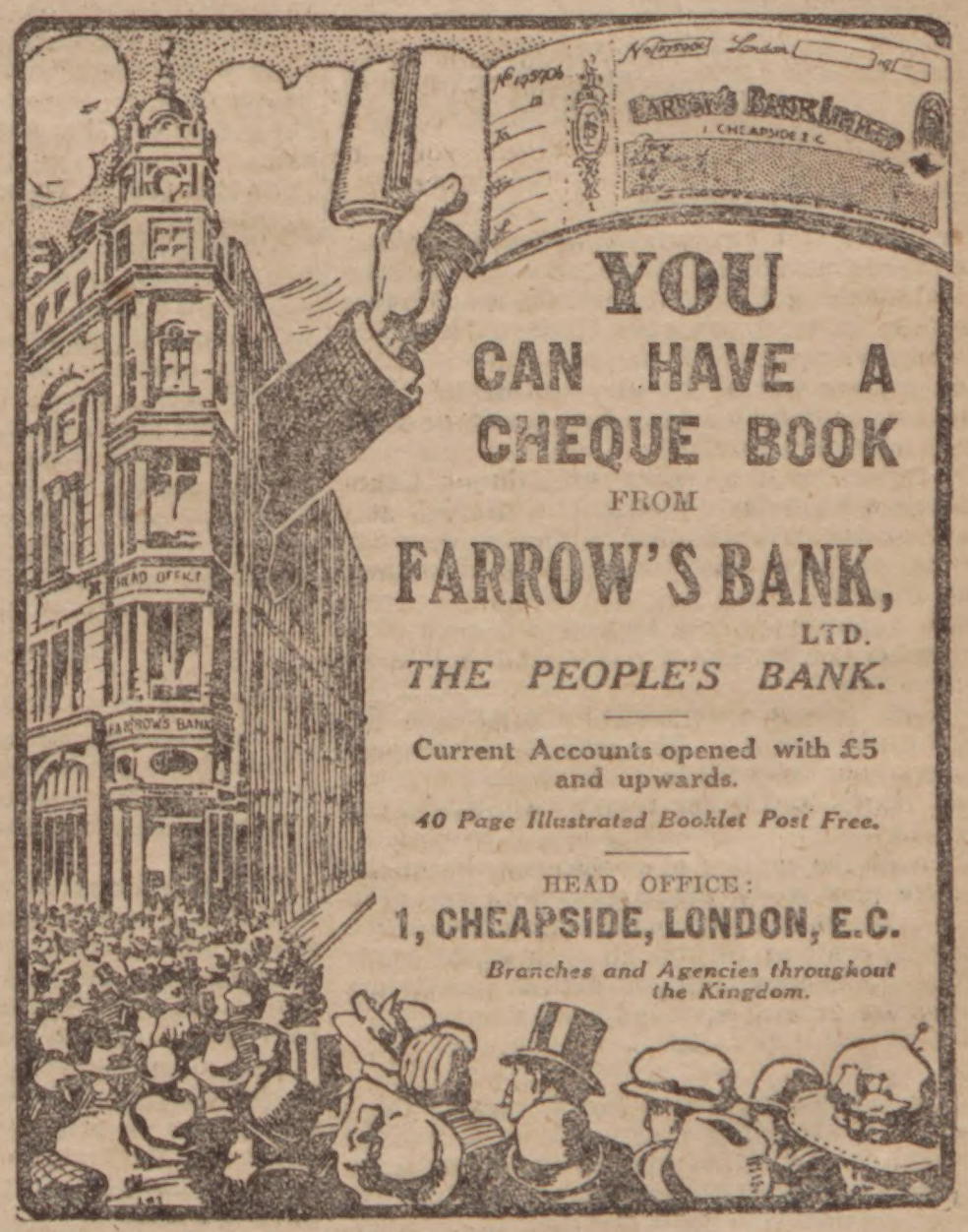

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THE OUTER MAN

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by
CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

USING YOUR TAILOR.

I cannot too often impress upon my readers the great advantage of making use of the tailor. If you preserve a severely businesslike demeanour with him, giving your orders, making your criticisms, and, ultimately, paying your bill, you will fail to get all the service out of him that you otherwise might get.

Your object should be to make a friend of him, as well as a tradesman, for he can be very useful indeed to you in little matters that the ordinary tailor does not do for for his mere business customers.

Here are a few examples. You tear your coat in a Saturday afternoon ramble. Or the seat of your walking breeches is ripped open by a splinter or a nail in a style. Or your trousers, made elsewhere, are turning out to be too narrow for your taste and comfort. A hundred and one little things may go wrong with your clothes.

You look around for help, and you think that your tailor, whom you barely know well enough to nod to, will refuse to look at such little jobs, even if you have the cheek or the courage to ask him.

And you fall back on the well-meant services of your sister, mother, or wife, none of whom knows anything about tailoring. And the tear or the other job is done in such a way that the scar remains to catch your eye every time you use the garment.

They constitute a blemish. If, however, you and the tailor are friends, you would go to him with every little tear, jag, or job of any sort, and he would receive you with open arms, or rather with threaded needle, and would keep you smart.

Moreover, he would often refuse to take any payment for such odd work, especially if you are a cash customer. It is to his interest to meet you in these little things.

HAVING CLOTHES TURNED.

You never feel comfortable when you take a little job to your tailor if that tailor was not the original maker of the suit. But you need never hesitate to do so if you have cultivated him properly and wisely.

For instance, one of the very occasional jobs a man wants done for him is to have a suit, or more often a coat only, turned.

The tailor, you know quite well, does not care to handle other tailor's productions, but you can take your old favourite tweed jacket, or your sporting coat to him without hesitation if you and he are friends.

He will turn your coat for you with such skill that neither you nor any of your friends will know it for the same.

Clothes without a very definite pattern in the cloth turn best of all. Blue and black are good "turners," but many other cloths, particularly the rough Harris and other tweeds, will stand the operation.

Although the turning of a coat necessitates the complete reversal of the garment with regard to buttons, button-holes, pockets, and all else, the tailor will contrive to hide all signs of the coat's original appearance, and you will have no feeling that you are wearing a second-hand article.

CAPS.

A rule I would lay down for all men is this: Always buy ready-made caps. It is a rule to which, so far as I am concerned, there is no exception that proves it, as with all other rules.

There are men who insist that their tailor, when making a suit, shall make a cap to be worn with it. But this is a very injudicious practice, and for a very good reason.

The making of caps is a trade—a skilled trade—in itself, and it is one that the ordinary tailor leaves severely alone. He is so seldom asked to make a cap that he does not really know how to set about it, and though he could doubtless knock together a head covering of some sort it would not have in it the subtle touch of style that a clever cap-maker alone can impart. It's all a matter of technique.

Some people I know insist on having a cap of the same cloth as their suit and the tailor has to make it, or get it made.

But a cap can always be chosen, by a man of taste, that will go well with the cloth of his suit, and, to me, harmonious variety is better than slavish uniformity.

WASHING GLOVES.

Not the sort, I hasten to add, with which we perform our morning toilet, but the sort we wear on our hands.

Men hate wearing gloves, and when in the country, unless driving or engaging in sports that require them, they discard them. But in town a man feels unclothed without gloves, just as he feels uncomfortable and slipshod when wearing a soft shirt and soft collar in town.

For smartness and for general comfort and appropriateness there are no gloves to beat those of the washing leather sort.

They are comfortable, warm, well fitting, and durable, to say nothing of the fact that they can be bought, of good quality, for half-a-crown and even for two shillings.

But they get dirty in the course of a day in town where every handle one touches, whether of cab or door, or tramcar or train, is covered with the greasy soot that falls incessantly from our town skies.

So that two, or better still three, pairs are really necessary.

When a pair is dirty, put the gloves on your hands as usual, and wash them well with soap and water as if washing your hands. Wring them out well, and then put them where they will catch the sun and the fresh air.

They will be dry and ready for use again before your third pair is dirty.

This sort of glove, if of good quality when bought, will last longer than any of the ordinary brown kid sort. These dark gloves get so black and so shapeless after a time that they must be discarded long before they are really worn out. They cannot be profitably washed.

A NOVELTY IN LININGS.

I happened to be ordering a new suit in Mr. Ellis's shop in The Strand the other day, when he showed me, by way of curiosity, a new kind of hair-cloth that he is now putting into all the suits he makes.

The peculiarity of this stuff is that it is a mixture of horsehair and cotton, the two being woven across each other, so that although the material is so soft that you can crumple it up in your hand, the horsehair causes it to spring back to its original shape as soon as you release it.

As a means of keeping the front of a coat in shape when placed between the cloth and the lining, and of preventing its "breaking," I have never seen anything to equal it, and it has not the harsh, stiff feel that the old unmixed horsehair gave to a coat.

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DRESS.

10s. 6d. Boots for Modern Men! See advertisement page 24. Give ME your next order. No trouble. No worry. Direct from J. Catchpole to your door. J. Catchpole for Boots!

For sale, fine seal's skin dressed by Kirk, Glasgow. £2 or nearest offer.—Box 2179, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Several Good Coat Hangers and Trouser Stretchers to clear, sacrifice 6d. each.—Box 2145, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Clothe yourself on the Instalment System. Suits cut by experts, prices from 42s., instalments 5s. monthly. Be measured at home. Full particulars, telling how, from the Good Wear Co. (Dept. 35), 6, North Street, Quadrant, Brighton.

For Sale, Gentleman's all patent riding boots, good as new, by Bartley, Oxford Street, London; cost 5 guineas, take 2 guineas; size eights.—Box 2182, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Frock coat, in splendid condition, fit man about 5ft. 7in.; 10s. 6d., a bargain.—Box 2183, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

Credit accounts opened by Gilbert Gunn, Turf Accountant, 13, Breadalbane Street, Glasgow.

Bagatelle board (folding), beautiful solid mahogany, 9ft. by 30in., Exhibition board, indiarubber cushion, new superfine billiard cloth, complete, elaborate accessories, including bridge, cue, and mace, rules, pegs, and nine large real solid ivory balls (alone cost £4 10s.); sacrifice lot, bargain, price £4 15s., absolutely perfect condition. — Box 2184, "The Modern Man," 21 Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, small billiard table and accessories, in exchange for good pair of Telephones and Air Gun, value £4.—Box 2185, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, on Thames, dinghy, about 14ft., light, strong, and good.—Box 2186, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Mahogany punt, 30ft. by 2ft., excellent condition, complete gear. Bourne End; 12 guineas, or exchange for 16ft. half-decked Sloop.—Box 2187, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, good 10oft. greenheart trout rod, reel and line.—Box 2188, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, at once, secondhand square tent, about 8ft. by 8ft. by 7ft., bowling screens, deck chairs, small scoring board, and private leather cricket bag.—Send full particulars and lowest prices to Box 2189, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Cricket bag, pair of best quality pads (not soiled), guinea full-sized bat, new last year, very little used; 21s. the lot.—Box 2190, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, good, new or secondhand full size billiard table, cheap.—Box 2191, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Boxing gloves, set of 4, best make, as new, 8s.—Box 2192, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

MOTORS, CYCLES, AND ACCESSORIES

Gent.'s roadster bicycle for sale, in good condition, a bargain at £3 10s.—Box 2166, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Rex, 3½ h.p., private owner wishes to dispose of, in splendid running order, complete set of tools and accessories, powerful new headlight, separate generator, 2 accumulators; £11 11s., or nearest offer for cash.—Box 2193, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

SADDLERY.

Wanted, saddle, good condition, Peat or Sowter, cob size.—Box 2194, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

For sale, silver plated black harness, hardly used, best material and work, no collar, £10 or near offer.—Box 2195, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

For sale, double set brass mounted harness, full size, with bits complete, nearly new. Cost £30; cash £6 10s.—Box 2196, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

EDUCATIONAL.

Sloan-Duployan Shorthand saves a year's study and leads to highest speeds; learned in twelve lessons; interesting handbook free.—Shorthand Association, Grosvenor Road, London, N.

Stammering effectually cured by correspondence or personally; treatise lent free.—N. H. Mason, 30, Fleet Street, London. Established 1876.

DOGS.

Brown spaniel and retriever dog, 2 years, broken gun, retrieves, splendid nose.—Box 2197, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Black cocker spaniel, a thoroughly genuine dog, a good retriever, with a first class nose. I guarantee there is not a better spaniel for a sportsman in the country, only fault a small patch of white under breast, aged 2½ years; £5.—Box 2205, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

MUSIC.

Wilmshurst 12gs. banjo. New condition. Splendid instrument. £5 cash.—Ledger, 32, Whalley Road, Accrington.

Boehm flute wanted.—Box 2175, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Edison Standard Phonograph: cost 4 guineas; nearly new, with 20 records; also set of Kruger coins. What offers?—Reply Box 2180, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Cornet, good make, silver-plated, beautiful mellow tone, good as new; worth £4 10s., will take £3 10s. Particulars.—Box 2198, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

SITUATIONS VACANT AND WANTED.

Become your own master; earn 30s. and upwards per week; small capital; full particulars 6d. P.O.; guaranteed genuine.—H. K. Thompson, 32, St. Saviour's Road, East Leicester.

To Secretaries of Clubs, and others, &c.—Write for particulars of unique agency to Carter's Embrocation Co., Wellington Road, Battersea.

For high grade positions, see Hapgood's advertisement, page 22.

Earn Money at Home.—Particulars, addressed envelope, Edwards Company, 54, Cornwall Road, Brixton.

FINANCIAL, &c.

Wanted, loan £200, 6 per cent. repayments quarterly.—Box 2199, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

For sale, 5 fully paid preferred ordinary £1 shares in Gamage-Bell Motor Cab Co.—Box 2200, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

£400 Provident Building Society bond for sale, £59 16s. paid, no arrears. What offers?—Box 2206, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

£200 Provident bond, ballot section, 7 years paid to date, £39; what offers? Part exchange considered.—Box 2201, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

£15 loan required by schoolmaster, holding good position; £3 interest offered; repayable 30s. monthly.—Box 2202, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

PHOTOGRAPHY.

No. 3 folding pocket Kodak; cost £3 12s. 6d.; accept 35s. or offer.—Box 2178, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

T.E.B. ¼-plate folding pocket camera, plates or slides, selected extra rapid rect., lens, unic. shutter, rising and falling front, 6 single slides in cases of three, screen cloth and leather case. Accept 40s.—Box 2177, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street London, E.C.

Wanted, ¼-plate folding pocket Kodak; state lowest price, quality of lens, and full particulars of camera.—Box 2203, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street London, E.C.

Wanted, ½-plate camera and accessories; exchange chocolate Pomeranian dog.—Box 2204, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

MEDICAL, &c.

Certain Cure for Falling Hair and Dandruff; recipe P.O., 1s.—Box 2071, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Your Teeth as White as Snow. The best powder in the world. Recipe for P.O. 1s.—Box 1810, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Dr. Carter's Liniment or Embrocation speedily relieves deep-seated Inflammation, Rheumatic Pains, Lumbago, Sciatica, Chronic Glandular Enlargements, and Affections of the Joints. Cures Sprains and Paralytic Numbness. An invaluable preparation for Athletes as a Muscle Stimulant. Removes Stiffness. Shake well and rub affected parts. 2s. 9d. size, P.O. 1s., post free. Sole manufacturers, Carter's Embrocation Co., Wellington Road, Battersea, S.W. British made.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Razors. The Best Razor in the World (Regd.). Warranted Best Sheffield Steel, Hollow ground, Black Handle, 2s. White Handle, Best finish, Extra Hollow, 3s. 6d. Post free—J. Furniss, Highfields Cutlery Works, Sheffield.

Decorate your digs.; anyone can draw perfectly with Pantograph. Price 7d.—Box 2176, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Guaranteed razors, hollow ground, post free 1s. 6d.—Chas. Howard, 119, Unthank Road, Norwich.

Several hundred assorted pictorial postcards to clear, comics, views, and actresses, &c.; 1s. 6d. per 100, post free.—Box 2143, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Astrology.—Two Years' events. The Planets' Influence on Destiny, Marriage, &c. Send birth date, with 1s. order.—Prof. Mercury, L. K., Llandaff, Glam.

Handsome Gent's Double Simulation Gold Albert, 1s. post free; with free gift of handsome seal to wear with same.—N. A. J., 16, Caldecot Road, Denmark Hill, London.

Remington Typewriter, No. 7, in splendid condition and perfect working order. What offers?—Box 2144, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Agents wanted in every town and village to sell our real lever simulation gold watches. Send 3s. 6d. P.O. to-day for sample watch.—N, A. J., 16, Caldecot Road, Denmark Hill, London.

Thermos Table Jug, nickel-plated, cost 31s. 6d., accept 21s.; also Thermos Flask, leather covered, with strap, cost 21s., accept 15s. 6d.; both quite new, never been used.—Box 1803, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor-street, London, E.C.

Have you tried Dr. Carter's Embrocation? If not, send without delay three penny stamps for trial bottle, which will be sent by return post free—Carter's Embrocation Co., Wellington Road, Battersea.

Gentleman's tie-pin, style unique; sample 10d., post free.—New Art Jewellery Co., 16, Caldecot Road, London, S.E.

Special "Modern Man" Offer!

May 14.

SEND TO-DAY.

Sandow's Grip Dumb-bells

.... ON ....

FREE TRIAL.

We will send, post paid and free of all costs, to every reader of THE MODERN MAN in Great Britain, who will fill in the coupon below, One Pair of Sandow's world-famous Grip Dumb-bells for **Seven Days' Free Trial.**

With every pair we also send a Booklet of Exercises, showing in detail the way to perform each of the original exercises of the Sandow System, also a Chart showing how many times each exercise should be done daily by the average man or youth, together with hints on how, when, or where to exercise, how to take a cold bath, and other useful information.

This CHART contains One Month's Initiatory Course of Exercises, suitable for the average man or youth, and it has been carefully prepared by Mr. Sandow for presentation and use with every pair of the Grip Dumb-bells.

Everyone who wishes to keep physically fit, and prevent such illnesses as Indigestion, Constipation, Liver Complaint, Insomnia, should immediately take advantage of testing the wonderful results derived from the use of the Dumb-bells.

READ THIS advertisement carefully, and if you decide to test SANDOW'S GRIP DUMB-BELLS, fill in the Order Form below with your name and address.

This done, return to us, and we will despatch, post paid to your door, the Dumb-bells you have selected. Use them FREE OF CHARGE for seven days, and at the end of that time, should you decide upon keeping same, forward a Postal Order for 2s. 6d. as your first payment, and the balance we shall be pleased to accept in monthly payments of 2s. 6d. each, equal to one penny per day.

YOU CAN PUT THREE INCHES ON YOUR CHEST MEASUREMENT and increase all your other muscles in proportion by using the GRIP DUMB-BELLS 15 minutes a day for three months.

If you decide not to keep the Dumb-bells, return them to our address, and NO CHARGE WHATSOEVER WILL BE MADE.

SANDOW'S GRIP DUMB-BELL CO.,
Room 39, Sandow Hall,
Bury Street, London, W.C.

Date.....19.....

Gentlemen,
Please send me by return one pair* of your

Gentlemen's Spring-Grip Dumb-bells at	12s. 6d.	Suitable for age	18 and upwards.
Youth's " " "	10s. 6d.	" " "	14 to 18.
Ladies' " " "	10s. 6d.	" " "	16 upwards.

Signed .....

Address .....

.....

* Please cross out sizes not required.

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Editorial Communications to be addressed to THE MODERN MAN, *Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.*